

# The TATLER

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London, November 26, 1930

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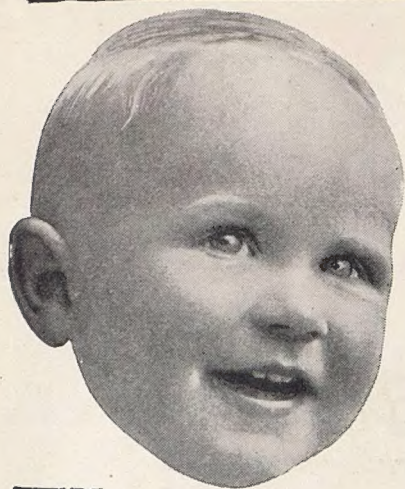
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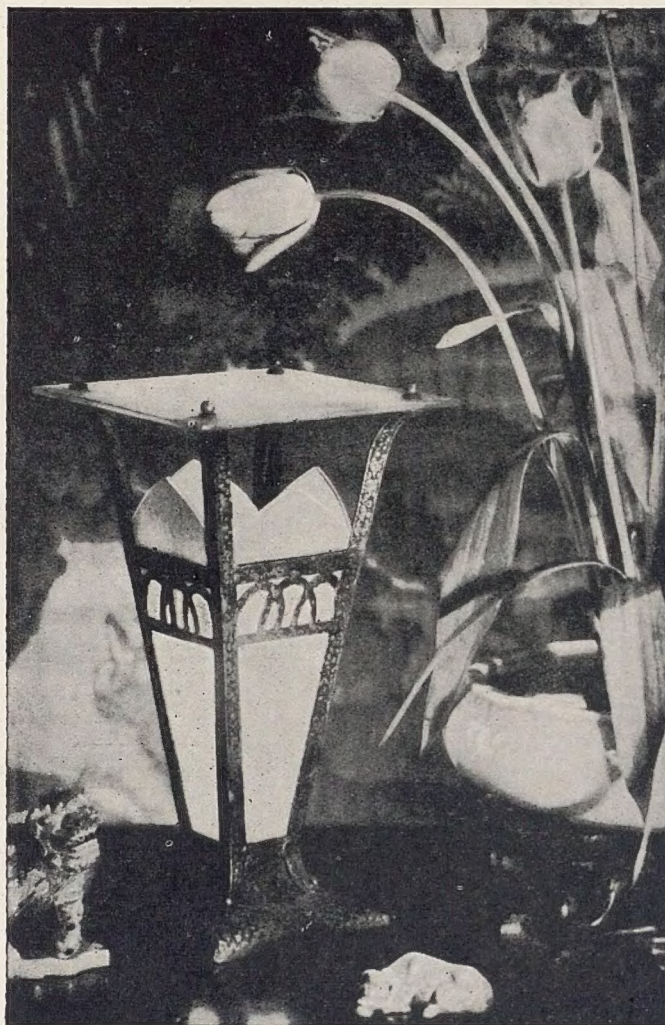
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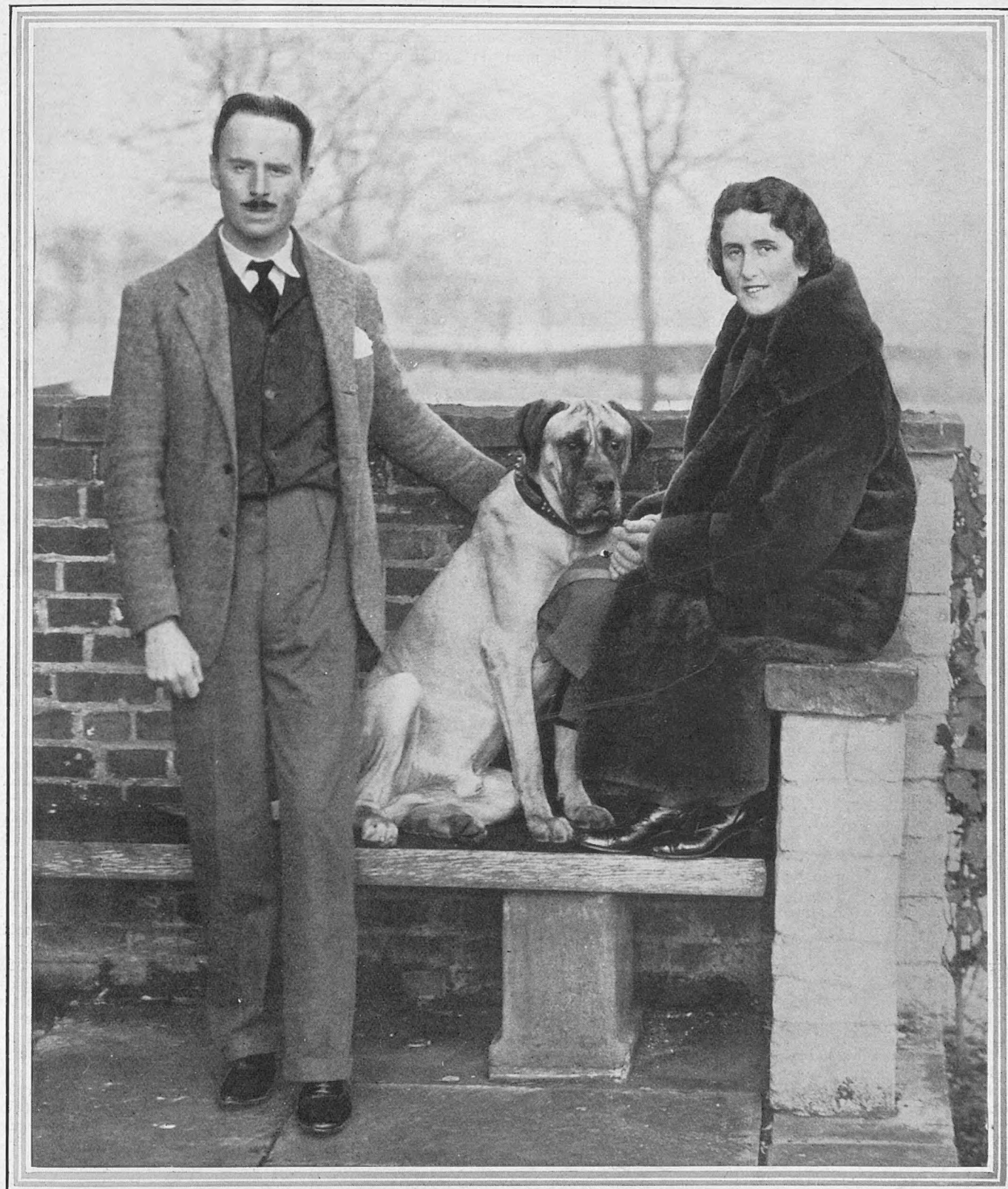


# The TATTLER

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Price One Shilling



SIR OSWALD MOSLEY, M.P., AND LADY CYNTHIA MOSLEY, M.P.

A recent picture taken at Sav-Hay, Denham, Sir Oswald Mosley's country seat in Bucks. Judging by the expression of the third person in the picture he is a Tory of the old school torn between affection for and disapproval of his owners. Sir Oswald Mosley was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in the Labour Government and is Member for Smethwick, and Lady Cynthia Mosley, a daughter of that ultra-Tory, the late Lord Curzon, is Labour member for Stoke-upon-Trent, and has ere now been called "comrade" by some of her party





Edmund Harrington  
MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM IN THE  
"TURQUOISE" GROUP AT THE JEWELS  
OF EMPIRE BALL

The ball, which is in aid of the Village Centre for Disabled Ex-Service Men, is being held at the Park Lane Hotel to-night (26th) and promises to be one of the most artistically beautiful things of its kind we have had for many a day

#### GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

THIS week, my dear, I start by urging you to persuade every dog-owner you know to be sure that four-footed friends have adequate identification marks. The lurid story of Colonel Fred Cripps' Golden Retriever puppy, which accidentally got out of its master's South Audley Street house, makes me hot with apprehension to think what might have befallen it. Indeed the sequel was bad enough, for this youthful adventurer wandered as far as Shaftesbury Avenue where it was run over and had its leg broken. Luckily falling among friends, Mrs. Munnings being one of them, a vet. was quickly secured to ease the pain and set the leg. However, as the dog had no name or address on its collar, it ran a great risk, in its severely injured condition, of being destroyed as homeless. The end

## The Letters of Eve

of the story is more cheerful, for the puppy was ultimately traced, but think of the anxiety which might have been avoided had he been a Tail Wagger. The addition of the family telephone number to collar inscriptions is another profitable method of ensuring quick returns.

The party of the week was most undoubtedly that given by Lady Howard de Walden at Seaford House. So few dances nowadays have that *grande tenue* atmosphere of unusual dignity which the presence of royalty contributes to an occasion. The Spanish Princesses have had a gay and varied visit, many amusements being condensed into a short space of time. Their hunt with the Cottesmore was one of the chief attractions and a topic of conversation at the dance, though unluckily they hit off neither a good day's sport nor the best of the country. Satin was the stuff of which their vellum-coloured frocks were made, and the Queen of Spain's was that lovely turquoise blue which can be green with equal ease according to the individual eye. Its becoming qualities were never in doubt in either case.

Diamonds were of course produced in profusion, and after the many informal gatherings which they do not attend, the rush of family jewels to head and neck was quite arresting. Miss Bronwen Scott-Ellis, daughter of the house, had lots of her special friends to help with the evening's success. Among them Miss Marjorie Brassey, Miss Diana Cavendish, always in excellent form, and Lady Jane Egerton. Her sister Anne was still making adequate replies to congratulations offered on her engagement to Captain Babington.



Edmund Harrington  
LADY DIANA COOPER, LEADER OF  
THE "DIAMONDS" AT THE JEWELS  
OF EMPIRE BALL

Lady Louis Mountbatten is president of the ball and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley the chairman. Their Majesties the King and Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales head the list of patrons. A galaxy of well-known faces, specially selected for their looks, will be seen in the pageant, the evening's big attraction



IN IRELAND: MRS. MURRAY-GUTHRIE AND HER LOADER  
At her brother's, Sir John Leslie's, shoot at Glaslough Castle, Co. Monaghan. Mrs. Murray-Guthrie's seat is Torosay Castle, Craignure, Isle of Mull

Though times may be hard, pretty women need not give up their good looks, and I found the Embassy full of the best examples when I lunched there a few days ago. First, there was Mrs. Dennis Larking, to whose Italian beauty and charm she seems to have added some of her husband's Irish wit. Then sitting together like three graces at one table were Mrs. Edward Rice, Lady Curzon's really lovely daughter, Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, in the neatest of short, Persian lamb coats with a small hat that framed her face like a nun's, and Baroness D'Almeda, a very beautiful young Argentine with the small features and placid face that so many of her countrywomen possess. She and her husband were over here for a few days from Paris, where they spend a good deal of their time.



Still another vision was Mrs. Alex McBean, who was up in London for a day or two from the west country. She and her husband are off to-morrow to Paris and, of all places, Venice. It seems an odd place to choose at this time of the year, but Captain McBean is still suffering from the effects of a bad go of paratyphoid, and has been ordered to some place where it is impossible to take exercise. It's hard luck to have to miss a whole season's hunting, for he is one of the keenest followers of the Duke's.

Mrs. McBean has the pale ethereal kind of beauty that McEvoy delighted in painting, and in her case succeeded very well. She is one of the two daughters of Mrs. Allen Paull, who has just sold Cold Ashton, one of the loveliest of the old Cotswold manor houses. Her new home of Pond Farm, in the Beaufort country, is a very good hunting centre, a great consideration with Miss Nancy Paull. One of the few women who deserves a trainer's licence, Miss Paull has proved her ability as guide and mentor to young thoroughbreds and has been rewarded with success as an owner.

Americans are a rootless people who seem to grow equally well on any soil. Miss Ethel Sand is one who has planted herself in Chelsea and thrived with remarkable success to the

extent of having every literary lion to lunch and a picture in the Tate Gallery. She likes nearly everyone and everyone likes her. At the private view of her paintings the other day she stood, all in grey, greeting her guests at the top of the dark wooden stair-case leading to the Warren Galleries.

Her work, although profoundly influenced by the teaching she received from Sickert, has a strong personal flavour. These latest pictures from her brush would add elegance and decoration to any room; even the skilled reproduction of a solitary scarlet lobster, gazing with his bald black eye from a blue plate, would be an unmistakable asset to



AT CATTERICK 'CHASES: LADY ALLERTON AND MRS. FRANCIS HURT

A large contingent of sporting Yorkshire foregathered at Catterick for the first jumping meeting of the season. Lady Allerton, who married Lord Allerton in 1926, is a daughter of the late Mr. J. R. Hatfield of Thorp Arch Hall, Yorkshire

any gourmet's dining-room, accompanied by some enticing fruit and vegetable Still Lives. I saw Mr. Roger Fry passing his cultivated critical eye over the canvases; Lord Balniel had a brief appreciative look round, and Princess Antoine Bibesco came with that talented author, Mr. Leo Meyers. Lady Horner was also one of the admiring crowd.

Lady Adare gave a spirit party last week in the amusing little domicile which is the lodge of the Duchess of Rutland's house in Arlington Street. There was a crowd of people. Among them Lady Seafield and her husband, Lady Phyllis Allen, Lord Donegall, and one of the Ruthven twins—was it t'other or which? Nobody seemed quite sure. This big gathering was altogether too much for the medium. He complained of

a superabundance of spirits and reduced the séance, which took place in the dining-room, to four persons, including Lady Adare and Mrs. Geoffrey White. They were incarcerated in the dark for an hour while the rest of the guests were left to amuse themselves. This they did quite successfully with the help of emerald green beer, a beverage new to me, but perhaps you have encountered it.

Number six Duchess Street has been receiving many callers during the last few days for it is housing until December 4 that much-travelled miniature masterpiece, Titania's

Palace. I need hardly remind you that Sir Neville Wilkinson was its architect and he is constantly adding to the fascinations of

this fairy home which, since it was opened in 1922, has raised a big sum of money for the Waifs and Strays Society during its journeyings of 40,000 miles.

In the throne room and chapel the tiniest possible mosaics now have a place, and they immediately caught the eye of the Queen when she visited the Palace last week. There was an almost magical occurrence during Her Majesty's inspection; a little fountain which had determinedly gone dry, after being shown to San Francisco, suddenly thought better of it when given a royal command



MISS LAWSON AND LADY LAWSON

At the recent jumping meeting at Catterick Bridge, Yorkshire. Lady Lawson is the wife of Sir Henry Lawson, whose seat is Brough Hall, Catterick. Miss Lawson is one of Sir Henry Lawson's sisters



AT DUM DUM: THE HON. MRS. VICTOR BRUCE AND MR. OSCAR GARDEN

Their second meeting in the course of their great flying adventures. The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce is flying to Tokio, and Mr. Garden to Australia. Dum Dum is just outside Calcutta, and famous principally for the bullet which was made in the Small Arms Factory

(Continued on p. 372)





COMMANDER KINGSFORD-SMITH  
AND HIS MOTHER

A picture taken immediately after Commander Kingsford-Smith's arrival at Sydney, where he received a great welcome. He has broken all records and is now a veritable Alexander of the Air

trix Wilkinson, who came to London on purpose for the special showing of Titania's Palace before its shipment to the British Empire Exhibition at Buenos Aires, were dining with Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Parker the other night at their house in Beaufort Gardens. Lord Powys and Lord and Lady Leigh were other members of this nice party of twelve persons, which also included Mrs. Edwin Orde, whose appearance perfectly suggests to me the Teutonic adjective, *hochwohlgeboren*.

Mr. Parker, as you should know, is an elder brother of Mr. Alex Parker, one of Warwickshire's most charming people. The latter, so I hear, has been in deputy control of the North Warwickshire during this last week or so, Mr. Guy Jackson being out of action with a broken ankle, and Mrs. Arkwright having had to hurry off to Seville where her elder son, John, is seriously ill.

Modern manifestations of this art business seem to be getting more and more abstruse. I returned with a bewildered brain from the Godfrey Phillips Gallery where Mr. Austin Spare shows his excursions into Einstein's sphere. Over twenty of his drawings are described as "Experiments in Relativity," and as his subject in each case is feminine I could only conclude that they all expressed various phases of that famous young lady called Bright—

Who could travel much faster than light,  
She started one day

In a relative way  
And came back the previous night.

These representations are like figures seen in a distorting glass darkly, their surprising shapes, which go off at a tangent in unexpected directions, suggesting elastic properties inclining to length rather than breadth. Mr. Spare's

## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

to do so. Before leaving, the Queen made two presentations, giving to King Oberon some diminutive cigarettes, and to Her Iridescence one of the midget copies of THE TATLER, which recently featured, with other small models, at Dudley House.

The Ulster King of Arms and Lady Bea-

draughtsmanship is always admirable, but his fourth dimensional impressions are too obscure for so mere a mind as mine. His richly-coloured drawings in blues and greens and reds are much more comfortable, and one is fascinated by his passionate faculty for finding faces in everything, even on the grim sentinels of Stonehenge.

Mr. Spare shares the galleries with Mr. John Case, a Plymouth brother artist, whose modernistic tendencies have, I understand, rather confused the inhabitants of his home town. I liked his "Yachts Racing," and was diverted by his "Nude," a chromatic experiment in flame colours with lambent sapphire eyes. His mother-in-law has sat to him on a sofa in "Siesta," and without fear or favour he has painted her true blue.

The new Chelsea Grill was launched on its career last week by Lady Rhondda, whose entertaining speech compared the gastronomic tendencies of France and England and enlarged on Chelsea's own particular tradition in this respect. It was the Duchess of Mazarin who in the seventeenth century first attracted attention to what was then a small isolated hamlet. This far from ugly duchess was ensconced there, her palace being the smart meeting-place of the day. But so light-fingered and heavy-handed were the bandits who haunted its approach by land that the river was the only safe route for would-be participators in rich food and richer conversation.

No such hazards confront the modern diner, but they would probably not have deterred Mr. Stephen Gwynn, who has a rare ability for discovering delectable eating-places off the beaten track in many countries. On the opening night of the latest Flood Street restaurant he was a worthy guest and speechmaker; others helping to give the new venture a good start included Professor Winifred Cullis, Lord Inchiquin, Miss Holtby, Mr. and Mrs. Waddington, and the instigator, Miss Bosanquet.

Once upon a time, and not so long ago either, snow was nothing but a pest and an incubus, useless to any save Christmas card designers and agriculturists craving ammonia. Now, whenever available, it is used for speed and pleasure, and skiing enthusiasts, who increase yearly, cannot have too much of this good thing. The British Ski Club dinner was tremendously well attended and I tremble to think how full Switzerland would be if the whole company were enlarged on its slopes at once. The subsequent evening's entertainment was, primarily, after-dinner speeches, and fleetness of foot must have a quickening effect on the tongue, for those of the mighty skiers wagged fluently. Lord Knebworth was quite undaunted at being matched with orators like Sir Claud Schuster and Mr. Arnold Lunn, president of the club and master of many a telling phrase.

Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, as guest of the evening, waxed so eloquent on the training value of this sport for sailors that he will probably find many applications for extra leave coming from officers suffering from ski fever. Miss Sale-Barker and Flight-Lieutenant Waghorn were two famous exponents present, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Keiller being in the same category.—Yours, EVE.



AT HAWTHORN HILL: MISS ROSEMARY  
VILLIERS AND MR. SCOTT

It was a case of more dirt less hurt at the 'chasing meeting at Hawthorn Hill last week, for the going was very deep and there were a lot of tired horses in most events. The racing, however, was good and the fields decidedly on the big side





A GATHERING IN GLAMORGANSHIRE

## THE SPORT OF THINGS

In Wales and Hants

The group above was taken last week when the Dunraven Castle coverts were being shot. Included are Lord Dunraven, the very popular provider of the day's sport, Lady Dunraven, and their only daughter Lady Olein Wyndham-Quin, Lord and Lady Meath, and Lady Maureen Brabazon, their elder daughter, Lord and Lady Aberdare, Lord and Lady Swansea, Sir Lovelace Stamer, Captain Treharne, and Mr. J. P. Maitland. Lady Meath was Lady Aileen Wyndham-Quin before her marriage, and is a cousin of Lord Dunraven



WHEN THE AVON VALLEY COURSING CLUB MET AT AMPORT: MRS. SOFER WHITBURN, MR. MUNNS, AND MR. C. G. OSBORNE



LORD ARUNDELL OF WARDOUR, AND CAPTAIN HOWARD ALEXANDER EXERCISING AT AMPORT

Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, being such an enthusiastic and successful owner of long dogs—she usually has entries in the Waterloo Cup—it was quite in order that the Avon Valley Coursing Club's meeting should be held at Amport, her home, near Andover. Though the weather was ungracious many good contests took place. Lord Arundell's seat, Wardour Castle, is near Tisbury, in Wiltshire



# The Cinema :

## Old Tastes and New

By JAMES AGATE

NO man can serve two masters and it would appear that the managers of our cinemas are in the uncomfortable position of never being able to do anything else except make the desperate attempt. For it is an article of my faith that a cinema-manager has a soul like anybody else. There are uncommonly few people in the entertainment trade who deliberately put on bad shows. In fact the trouble is exactly contrary. What educated people consider a bad film is one which some uneducated film-renter, uneducated aesthetically I mean, considers, with the ardour and depth of his tepid, shallow little mind, to be a good one. All bad work which is really popular is because the author of that bad work has believed in it with all his shoddy and vulgar soul. Best-sellers are achieved, as somebody once said, not by a bulge in the cheek but by a belch from the heart. Of course there are a few miserable, and completely successful cynics, who encourage bad work knowing that there are vast hordes waiting for bad work and unable to relish anything else. But even these have their moments of disillusion, and I could a tale unfold of a film beheld recently at an important Buckinghamshire town which was so infantile and twaddlesome that it emptied a large cinema as to the ground-floor of all but eleven people—five spooning couples and the village idiot. We have now accounted for two classes of cinema-managers—those who believe in bad films and those who don't believe in them, but take care to choose no other sort. And lest some technical person objects that the cinema-manager and the film-renter are two separate persons, let me say that this article has reference to whoever the Johnny is who decides what pictures we are to see. Having disposed of two of this kind, I come to the manager who really engages my sympathy. This is the fellow who knows a good picture, likes a good picture, and puts one on only to find that the public won't support him. What happens then? Simply this—that his board of directors inform him that Aesthetics must go one better than Charity, and not only begin at home but remain there. "Of course we like good stuff," the board says, "but we have our share-holders to think of." Then the board looks significantly at the seat of its manager's pants, and the poor fellow, scratching his head, wonders how long he ought to wait before it will be safe to risk another picture of merit.

The foregoing is occasioned by the fact that just before sitting down to write I had come away from the Regal, where two really remarkable pictures had been shown. The first was *The Last Company*, an admirable film showing a tiny detachment of Prussians covering the retreat of their whole army before the victorious French, and perishing like good Prussians. I thought this was a brilliant picture, with first-class production and photography, a good situation if no story in particular, and some magnificent acting by Conrad Veidt. It was followed by one of the best bits of spoof-comedy I have seen for a long time. This film was called *The Temporary Widow*, a good "murder-mystery drama treated in a light and engaging manner," and acted by a magnificent mouth-watering cast which included Felix Aylmer, Laurence Olivier, Athole Stewart, Frederick Lloyd, Stanley Lathbury, and Miss Lilian Harvey, a young lady from Muswell Hill. I did not find Miss Harvey a particularly attractive actress, perhaps because I am not particularly attracted by Muswell Hill. But she is certainly extremely pretty in the Mary Pickford way in the early part of the present century. Now was the house full for these two good films, both of which by the way happen to be German? I should not like to say how nearly it was empty, nor should I care to guess how long it will be before whoever is

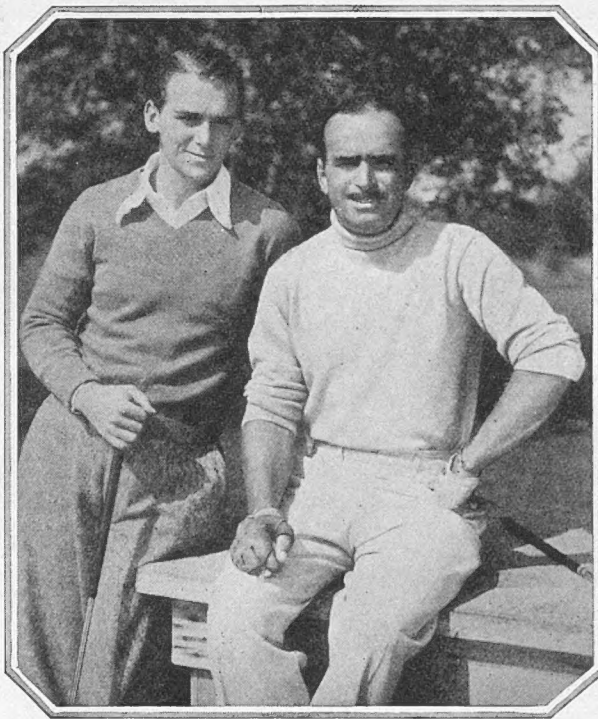
responsible for the choice of films at this theatre decides to have another risky shot at something just a little bit out of the ordinary. Probably when next I visit the Regal I shall find some husky Chicago boot-legger informing a New York millionaire's daughter that her pearls remind him of the tears in his baby's eyes. And I shall not dare to tell the Regal manager what I think of him for the simple reason that he will shrug his shoulders and tell me to deliver the message to its proper recipients, the members of the fastidious, discriminating public who are always yapping about the pictures and wondering why they can't get better ones.

A few days previously I had a wonderful example of what a boon and a blessing to humanity the pictures—even the worst of them—are. It happened to me that I was at Hull, and must hang about that dreary sea-port until the hour when people lecture. Without disrespect to this particular city, what could I have done in the days before the pictures? The local Art Gallery? But it was the day in the week when in my experience art galleries close. Besides, where without the cinema would the unemployed spend their time? The hall I visited was crowded with youths wearing cap, muffler, and an air of perfect content. The first film offered to entertain our idleness was *The Daughter of the Regiment*, without Donizetti's music. One understood that the picture was "taken from" the opera. Certainly old man Donizetti would have rubbed his eyes if he had seen his heroine impersonated by Miss Betty Balfour having herself manicured prior to irruption upon a Paris fête, complete

with jazz-band, in 1929! Personally I found the old story quite amusing. The music, though canned, was excellent and an obviously competent orchestra discoursed to us some Brahms, Chopin and Dvôřák, and very little, so far as I could gather, of that sugary Donizetti. But it was the supporting picture which delighted me most. Here was a good old "Western" of the most electrifying kind. A hobo and a moke, struggles on the tops of moving trains, a ranch with gold on it unsuspected by its orphan owner, a young girl from whom some villain, presumably the murderer of her father, is trying to buy it cheap. Then a sheriff and his posse, and a lot of horses and galloping and shootings, and finally a river and a dry old man whom the tender-hearted hobo rescues from a watery grave. Everything was here except a prairie fire, and after all one must leave something for another film. But alas! this picture was not at all to the taste of the sophisticated young men of to-day, who clattered and cluttered out of the hall in something very like disapproval. Me this film held enchanted. But taste moves on, and one cannot expect young people to have any sympathy with the kind of thing one liked when they were getting born. To-day's fancy is more accurately represented by *Her Man* at the Capitol. In this, pretty little

Helen Twelvetrees appeared as one of those young women who carry a singularly unsullied heart in a body not notably trained to that end. In other words she was one of those quaint creatures who can spend three or four years in a house for which there is no polite name and emerge with a greater fund of innocence than the common daisy. Moreover, there was a handsome Scandinavian sailor with yellow hair who carved a way for the two of them out of that bestial paradise, giving, but unlike Bunyan's hero, apparently not receiving, many wounds. The fight at the end was terrific and I felt inclined to stand on my seat and cheer. But it does not follow that the old-style picture was poor. I will swear that it was good enough for me.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. a



"DOUG" AND "DOUG" JUNIOR

Everyone knows what Fairbanks Major can do, so there is no necessity to say anything. Fairbanks Minor, his son, made his first appearance as a screen star in 1923 in "Stephen Steps Out," and immediately after it came to London to be introduced personally to the public



# AT THE JEWELS OF EMPIRE BALL

MISS GERTRUDE  
LAWRENCE  
(BLACK PEARLS  
AND DIAMONDS)



LADY BRIDGET POULETT (CORALS)

Some beautiful wearers of beautiful clothes and the jewels they are representing at to-night's Jewels of Empire Ball and Pageant at the Park Lane Hotel in aid of the Enham Village Centre for Disabled Ex-Service men. Some other pictures appear in "The Letters of Eve" page. Mrs. Louis Oppenheimer is arranging what will be an interesting as well as entertaining side-show for the ball, of which Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley is chairman. She has made a collection of rough, uncut diamonds and polished cut gems in order to display them together with replicas of many of the world's most famous stones. Among the most valuable and well-known diamonds in the world are the Koh-i-noor, the Orloff, the Star of India, the Hope, and, of course, the Cullinan diamond. Nearly all of these gems had many exciting adventures before reaching their present destinations. The Koh-i-noor diamond was eventually presented to Queen Victoria in 1850. The Orloff diamond once formed the eye of an idol, and has been stolen many times, once by a seaman who carried it for months buried in the flesh of his leg



THE HON. MRS. BAILLIE-HAMILTON (RUBIES)

Photographs by Cecil Beaton



## FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

## From Leicestershire

It didn't look like a hunting day from Brooksby on Friday in bright sunlight, but it was a shock to find all the spinneys blank. Cream Gorse held, as did Thorpe Trussells and Adam's Gorse, but scent was non-existent and nothing could be done all day except for a slow, cold hunting business from Sherrard's Gorse to Brooksby in the evening. Two fair, silk-hatted ladies from another country all out for a ride but no opportunity. What a fortune in hats the lady must spend who falls at the meet and once or twice during the day with the regularity of International Holdings. Possibly she has a special make tested by one of Mr. Lock's elderly gentlemen doing a spinning nose-dive in them into St. James' Street before issuing them as fall-worthy.

Monday was almost a stolen day from Kinoulton, so hard did it freeze overnight, and though bits of the going were treacherous the day was great fun, more especially as the Curate foxes always seem to give one a gallop in the right direction nowadays. Our best congratulations to "Kath," who is said to be leaving us for the Whaddon.

## From the Belvoir

Wednesday was a really good day from Buckminster, hounds running well from Newman's in the afternoon and being very unlucky not to catch their fox. These foxes which all seem to cross the fairway at the short fifteenth take years off the life of the secretary. "Bill" appeared to have been rubbed out for keeps by the way he fell but you couldn't really hurt him with a hatchet, and he was only very sore. Poor Joyce wasn't so lucky and broke a collar-bone. Hounds hunted beautifully, turning with their fox all the way. Had he not turned very few would have ever got to them. Saturday from Colston Basset was more than disappointing, as one always looks on this as one of the best Saturday meets. As hounds drew over a fox at Hose let us hope the subsequent blank draws were due to lack of scent and not to absence of foxes. An infinity of trouble has been taken in the country this summer, and it must have been heart-breaking for the Masters and all those who have worked so hard. At the moment of writing frost seems to come into the reckoning, and perhaps by next week some of the obstacles may look less forbidding.

## From the Beaufort

The meet at the kennels on Monday was most conspicuous with our "young entry," and Tom provided the "half-termers" with an excellent day's sport, and judging by the way they entered "Beaufortshire," are not lacking in drive and tongue. Well done, Timmy, the grey went the best, to say nothing of the Lyegrove Greys, but "Oh, June," after that hunt to school him over Constance's obstacles! The lady from Upton had two fails, the second on the Tarmac, but luckily no damage done. At one moment we looked like bleeding the Babe of Sherston, but rumour has it they ran through Blanchie's cellar into those of the Squire of Pinkney Park.

Tuesday was a very good day's sport. We were all sorry to see our gallant Major Keith take a nasty "jerk" over that wall and hear he may have cracked a rib or two, but hope the "sip" out of the joint Master's flask helped to relieve the pain. This was the first appearance of our International polo player

who was allowed a day's leave from Tidworth. Bad luck coming to grief in that pit so early in the hunt, but why choose one full of "Empty Bottles." Perhaps his motto is (after Yankee Land), "Once bitten, twice shy."

Wednesday and Thursday had the counter-attraction of Cheltenham races, where a good sprinkling of our Beaufortites were to be seen in the enclosures and paddock.

Congratulations to Miss Nancy Paull with her 93 to 1 winner on the tote. Friday was a poor scenting day, but Master did well to kill those foxes. Poor Reynard, what a miry end to choose!

The large field on Saturday at Foxley Green was rewarded by three nice hunts. Simon must have rather painfully realized what a dangerous pursuit hunting can be, even when humbly going through a gateway. Bill, perhaps, requires a new bridle.



THE MUSKERRY MASTERS: CAPTAIN A. H. HORNBY AND SIR GEORGE COLTHURST

Captain Hornby has been Master of this famous pack since 1921 and has hunted hounds and this season he has been joined by Sir George Colthurst. Captain Hornby is an ex-horse gunner and Sir George Colthurst was a captain in the South Irish Horse

## From Warwickshire

Let's blame the advance preparations of the "Royal Show" for Warwick Park being blank, and hearten ourselves over the Heathcote fox, which after an hour's hunt was killed at Fir Tree Hill. Condolences to the Oakley Wood contingent for their disappointment at the change of programme. All the world and his wife enjoyed those real true sportsmen Charles' and Mabel's hospitality on Tuesday. Good fox (by the grace of the god of luck and "Grappler" not chopped)—quick away before the wine had been swallowed and with Pat still telling his story to the butler—up the hill, down the vale, past Spenser's Gorse to Compton Wynyates—a nice gallop of forty-five minutes with a 4½-mile point. Who was the pretty lady who fell; and what words of English prose did she use to make the horse-retrieving "Grenadier's" hair stand on end? Pity the Oxhill fox did not know his drill! Thursday opened with twenty-five minutes from Ladbroke over Chapel Bank to the Oxford Canal—a double-back upwind, and the bitches raced to Radbourne Spinney. Then a jumping and a galloping from Welsh Road Gorse and Watergall—with an unfortunate nasty roll of horse casualties. Here's wishing a quick recovery to Adele's old favourite.

## From the Heythrop

Wednesday, at Deddington was a good day, in spite of it being cold and sunny, and hounds stuck well to their fox and pulled him down in the open as stiff as a poker. Perhaps the Major's daughter was just as stiff the next morning, as being jumped off is only one degree less painful than being jumped on.

There was a large field out on Friday at Stow-on-the-Wold including the bride and bridegroom just returned from their honeymoon abroad. The day was marred by Major Daly having a nasty fall, and we are sorry to hear that he has broken two ribs. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Saturday at the Langston Arms was a good day. Our Lucas head-lights were nearly extinguished on the tarmac at the meet, but charged sufficiently during the day to bring the hooter into action in the evening in Bould Wood. During this hunt our visitor from Warwickshire and her pony gave a most hair-Rayson display. On Monday we trotted off from the meet at Over Norton Park full of spirits. It's the Daly dose that does it; but, alas, scent did not serve us as well as their butler did.

(Continued on p. xxxvi)





## THE ART OF WILL DYSON

"Our Intellectuals,"  
at the  
St. George's Gallery

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT: "SEE HERE.  
BEN JONSON, WHAT ABOUT MERMAID  
TAVERN NOW?"

Two more specimens of the fine dry-points by Mr. Will Dyson, which are in the exhibition of his works at St. George's Gallery, George Street, Hanover Square. After having been referred to during his long absence in the South Seas as "the late Will Dyson," the artist has come back to very vigorous life as a satirist of the people he calls "Our Intellectuals." The little lampoon of what Mr. Arnold Bennett might say to "rare Ben Jonson," if he happened to run across his shade, is a key-note to the present scheme of Mr. Dyson's works. The member of the Mermaid Club, as we know, possibly enjoyed a distinction never to be achieved by any other dramatist. An actor named W. Shakespeare was in the cast of one of his plays. The remarks of Mr. Coward to Mr. Epstein are completely self-explanatory



MR. NOEL COWARD: "OF COURSE, MR. EPSTEIN, I SPEAK AS A  
LAYMAN—FOR THE MOMENT I HAVE DONE NO SCULPTURE!"





MR. RICHARD KING

Whose new book, "Soul's Dark Cottage," is meeting with much success. Critics are unanimous in their opinion that it is the best book he has written, which is saying a good deal

1 per cent. alone are likely to add to your problem of looking on the brighter side of things. Moreover, the queer fact is that unless a newspaper were filled by murder, accidents, sudden death, or the latest aspect of the craftiness of dreary politicians, nobody would want to read it. The truth is we simply love to be 'error-struck! So long, of course, as we are not actually the 'error. Only playfully struck by it so to speak. Nobody wants to be murdered, but a murder in the next street makes us all brothers and sisters in sociability. The trouble is there are not enough murders to go round. So we have to read about them in stories. Anything to achieve the creeps! Somehow or another the creeps we simply *must* have! And so, apart from tales of crooks and murderers in all their foul aspects, books are published like Mr. Guy B. H. Logan's "Dramas of the Dock" (Stanley Paul. 18s.). Now in its class this is quite a good book. It is not very high class. It is not to be compared, for example, with Miss Tennyson Jesse's "Murder and Its Motives," because, unlike that accomplished novelist, Mr. Logan cannot so build up his picture and his characters that, reading his account, we feel that we were actually there when the crime was committed; that we really do know something of the criminal's mind both before and after the committal of his crime. Mr. Logan is a straightforward chronicler whose appeal is to facts and not to our imagination. The consequence is that people may be murdered in his pages and we are only interested in a detached kind of way, otherwise emotionally unmoved. This, however, may yet be added to my praise of such a conscientious compilation—the murders it recounts are not those murders which have been written to death; and beyond, this long while since. They are all half-forgotten crimes of the nineteenth century—a century which apparently was rich in sensational murders. I suppose it is that even murder, any sort of a murder, does not create the sensation it did since Edgar Wallace and his disciples are able to turn out a couple of detective stories a week, and on the films there is always a keen competition to produce biting passion and blood. Nevertheless Mr. Logan's murders are full of drama. The weakness, however, of most of them is that they contain little mystery. They are just plain-sailing murders with the murderer detained on the spot. All except one. In my opinion the most 'orr-striking of all. It is called "A Manchester Mystery," and it occurred in 1880. Who put the mysterious letter under Mr. Greenwood's door on the evening before the crime, thus getting that old gentleman out of the house while the murder was being committed? And why should a quiet, little young servant-girl be murdered at all, since it could not have been for gain; she turned out to be *virgo intacta* and was known to have had no men friends. The hour of the crime, too. The precipitate flight

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Murders!

WHATEVER happiness may or may not be—it certainly isn't "news." Nobody is in the least bit interested in it. Mrs. Tadpole jumping for joy in her back garden only achieves unpopularity. Should she be hit on the head by a falling tile, then, and then only, will her neighbours begin to see her good points. Jumping about in her back garden the dear woman was just an unmitigated nuisance. Prostrate and unconscious, however, she becomes really a popular figure. Have you ever glanced through a newspaper and counted the items of news which appeal either to its readers' worry-complex or to their horror? About

from the house by the murderer across the marshland opposite and thence into the unknown, never to be discovered from that day to this. Yes, there is a real thrill in this old murder if you have an ounce of imagination. So also there is in most of them, however. For instance, the murder of Miss Huish in a lodging-house in Euston Square in 1879; the case of Andrew Macrae who, in 1892, murdered Mrs. Pritchard in a corn-merchant's office at Northampton; the murder of the old toll-man and his boy on the Melton-Grantham road in 1856. They are all dreadful cases, and so are sure to make popular reading. Moreover Mr. Logan has been able to get photographs of most of these old murderers, and really they are, for the most part, a most mild-looking lot of men. Not half so villainous as those photographs of well-known financiers of the City of London which are now appearing in a certain daily newspaper. So that you never can tell, can you? Still, only extraordinarily harmless people ever seem to be murdered. I sometimes wish somebody would one day compile a book about *them*. Maybe it would make dull reading however. The blameless are never "news."

My Victim.

I hate to say it of any bright young thing, especially of the heroine of any story written by that expert story-teller, Miss Muriel Hine, but really, were I contemplating murder I should keep an eye on Griselda, the heroine of Miss Hine's latest novel, "Ten Days' Wonder" (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.). Not because she is wicked, but because she was such an inconsiderate little fool. Still, if one murdered for foolishness I don't think there would be a character left in the story at the end except, perhaps, a certain amusing charlady. Let us take Griselda's foolishness first. She was in love with a young man who simply would not propose. Of course, she was not to know that his father had made him promise to work for a year before he would promise him a partnership or think of giving his consent to any marriage. So Griselda went on struggling to make Keith McIlver come up to the scratch, and Keith McIlver went on struggling to get back to his business without committing himself. Until at last one night when it would seem as if almost any young man simply must propose and Keith didn't, Griselda in disgust accepted the offer made her by elderly Sir Harry Bolle, a friend of her dead father, besides being her widowed mother's fondest "hope." So we come to Sir Harry. He proposed to Griselda, not because he loved her in that kind of way but because Griselda had been silly one evening with a married man. (It had been quite innocent, of course, but Sir Harry belonged to a generation which believed the worst at once.) Therefore he asked her to become his wife for the reason that if she, as he believed, wasn't somebody's wife within nine months the dear girl would simply *have* to go abroad for a while. However, Griselda, as the future Lady Bolle, behaved to her fiancé and his family abominably. Meanwhile her



Dorothy Wilding  
"BARBARA CARTLAND"

The latest portrait of the famous young playwright and novelist whose new book, "For What?" was published on November 7, and has had an instantaneous success. In private life Barbara Cartland is Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale. Besides her novels, "Jigsaw," "Sawdust," etc., she is the author of "Blood Money," a play, and "The Mayfair Revue," and she designed dresses for the Pageant of Superstition at the recent Hallowe'en Ball on October 31

(Cont. on p. 380)



## INQUISITIVENESS?

By George Belcher



First Lady: My new teeth fits so well, Mrs. Quick, that I can go to sleep with 'em in my mouth  
Second Lady: But don't yew ever swaller 'em, Mrs. Brown?



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

mother was furious at losing Sir Harry and thus having to prolong her widowhood. So there we have Griselda engaged to one and bemoaning another, and her mother engaged to nobody, but bemoaning Sir Harry, and Sir Harry engaged to Griselda yet loving her mother. The fruits of pure idiocy if ever there were any. Yet it all comes right at the end. All the same, for my part, Keith can keep his share in Griselda. Still, really they won't spoil each other, for even he struck me as being brightly not quite all there. But the wonderful thing is that Miss Hine has written a most readable story around these foolish people. She has preserved the comedy vein throughout; this saves the situation every time for the reader's interest. So we are entertained from beginning to end. The subsidiary characters are the best. All except Griselda's mother who, although a born fool, is a nice, homely, cuddlesome one, like a cat purring in front of an open fire. Only Griselda, occasionally Keith, and Sir Harry Bolle quite frequently, make one at moments feel that even murder under certain circumstances can have its brighter side.

#### A Real War Adventure.

Did not one know that Talbot Baines Bruce must of necessity have come through the terrible adventure related in his book, "Missing" (Blackwood. 5s.), since otherwise he couldn't have written it, the suspense would have been terrific. For this is the story of a man, at the time little more than a youth, whose aeroplane came down a hundred miles behind the German lines in Belgium, who lived for months hidden, disguised, hunted, who yet after a series of thrilling adventures at last succeeded in crossing the German-Dutch frontier. His experiences were so unique that after he had reached England the King had a special interview with him to learn the story at first-hand. In this thrilling book the plain, unvarnished tale is told. It is exciting in the highest degree. At the end one marvels at the fact that so many Belgians were ready and willing to risk their lives in order to help a youth who, beyond being an ally, could have been nothing to them. "Missing" is one of the most exciting stories I have read for a long, long while. Moreover, being true, it has the thrilling quality of mere fiction beaten in every particular and from the start. I defy even the emotionally lethargic to read it unmoved. The rest will be held spell-bound.

#### Miss Mitford.

I have always felt sorry for Miss Mitford. What a hard, sad life was hers, and yet how cheerfully she bore with it! If a life's self-sacrifice for somebody else goes to make a saint, Miss Mitford had an invisible halo and wings. Yet I can well believe that she was herself something of a bore. Her unceasing cheerfulness, her unceasing chatter. It is rather difficult to accord halo and wings to someone so plain, so chubby, so virtuous in all the wrong shades. Fate couldn't beat her down. She gave her life to people who were unworthy of the gift, but she never saw their unworthiness nor did she see how hard her life was, what

a steep ascent she had to climb even to attain partial financial security. People whose lives are really a tragedy are expected to look tragic figures, then other people know how to deal with them. But a Tragic Figure who comes dressed all in the wrong clothes, cheerful, chattering, determined, so to speak, to look on the bright side of a funeral—such heroines are annoying, because one gathers together all one's sympathy and understanding with which to greet them only to be faced by a pleasant little "body" prepared to sympathize and understand *us*! Even when at last her wretched old father died, she had not a peaceful life for very long. Yet she bore her long and crippling illness as cheerfully and heroically as she had borne with an idle, drunken, utterly selfish parent who took all she could earn by her pen, monopolized her time, and ruined her health.

Miss Marjorie Astin re-tells charmingly the life-story of this merry, tragic figure in a delightful little biography, "Mary Russell Mitford" (Noel Douglas. 3s. 6d.). I suppose alone of all her books and plays "Our Village" is still read; nevertheless it will keep her name sweet and fragrant for all time. After all, the rest was bombastic rubbish. But her character will always be remembered, her unselfishness, and her total inability to play the heroine in her own life. You cannot meet Miss Mitford better than in this little book, that is to say, outside the sweet pages of "Our Village." It is a charming little biography.

#### Christmas Books—A Start.

Christmas books are rolling in, and every year they seem to me more attractive than the last. The wonder is that anybody ever thinks of giving anything else for a Christmas present since there are books to suit every pocket and every taste. I have only just begun of course to sample the top layer of the new publications, but I have discovered this gem so far. For little children, "The Amazing Adventures of Little Brown Bear" (Methuen. 2s. 6d.), written and illustrated by that supremely clever artist, Dorothy Burroughes, will be welcomed by any nursery. Amusing, exciting, the story is just the kind of animal tale which children love best of all. As for grown-ups, the illustrations will fascinate them—so cleverly drawn, so humorous, and so original they are. I prophesy an enormous success for this little book. A companion volume, if ever there be one to that other modern nursery classic, Miss Potter's "Tailor of Gloucester." I can give it no higher praise than that.



MISS HEATHER THATCHER

By Autori

One of the great impressionist Autori's best efforts as everyone who is in any way familiar with the charming actress' lineaments will admit quite readily. Miss Heather Thatcher is in the film version of "A Warm Corner" with Mr. Leslie Henson. Miss Heather Thatcher made her stage debut in "The Girl from Cairo" at the Garrick in 1916, and is in "Oh, Daddy," the new farce which comes to town shortly.

Miss Potter's "Tailor of Gloucester." I can give it no higher praise than that.

#### UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

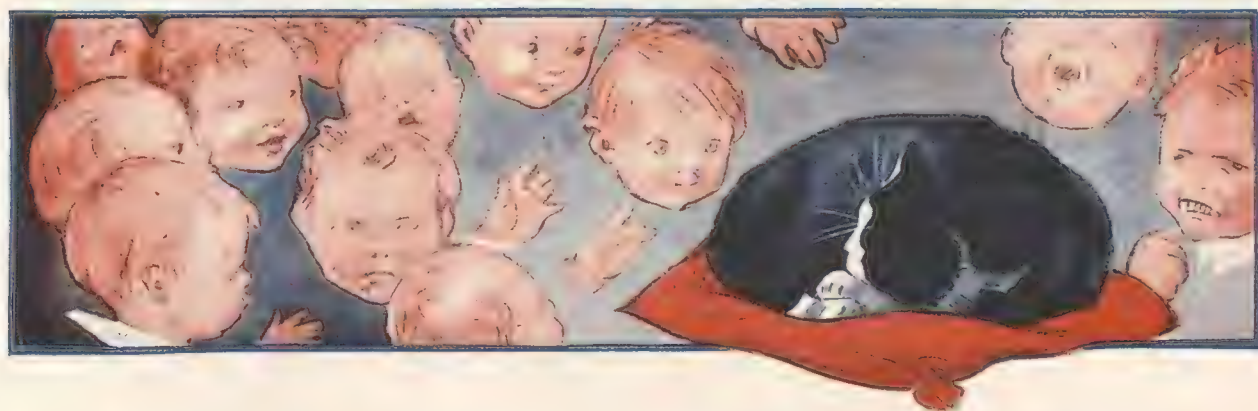
"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

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## THE CAT THAT LED A DOG'S LIFE

*By Inez Topham*





*"It was so good of him to recommend  
Craven "A" to me they certainly do not  
affect my throat"* **CRAVEN "A"**

*LADIES' HANDBAG SIZE, 25 for 1/3*  
MADE BY CARRERAS LIMITED, LONDON

CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

*Made Specially to Prevent Sore Throats*





## *At Home at Wortley Hall*

The Countess of Wharncliffe and her Family



LADY WHARNCLIFFE AND  
HER YOUNGEST DAUGHTER



FIVE AT A SITTING

Wortley Hall, Lord and Lady Wharncliffe's home near Sheffield, provides plenty of happy playing places for their children, and the Ladies Ann, Mary, and Barbara Montagu-Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie are the lucky possessors of a pony apiece. The youngest daughter, who is only a few months old, does not as yet participate in any active exercise. Lady Wharncliffe is Yorkshire born and bred, being a daughter of Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam, and grand-daughter of the late Lord Zetland. Her father is Joint Master of the Fitzwilliam hounds (Milton). Lord Wharncliffe, who succeeded his father in 1926, used to be in the Life Guards

*Photographs by Miss Compton  
Collier, West End Lane*



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"THE SURVIVOR'S STORY" by A.D. MCCORMICK.

# PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO & CIGARETTES







THE HON. MRS. JAMES BECK

The portrait by Mr. Cecil Beaton, which is included in "The Book of Beauty," which he has just had published by Messrs. Duckworth, and which includes numerous photographs and also sketches of the people with whom the book deals. The author in his preface tells us that his greatest heroines in his childhood's days were not the Maid of Orleans, or the Lady of the Lamp, but Lily Elsie, Gabrielle Ray, and Queen Alexandra. The author's study of beauty has taken in its present shape this collection of all the most decorative people of to-day and yesterday. The Hon. Mrs. James Beck is Lord Glenconner's sister



## THE PASSING SHOWS

"The Man who Kissed his Wife"  
and "Her First Affaire"



MRS. LISDEN (MISS IRIS HOEY) AND ROBERT WOKING (MR. FELIX AYLMEYER)

What should a neglected widow do who advertises for her husband, gets her old friend instead, and is then confronted by her missing better-half?

## The Man Who Kissed His Wife.

HE is with us again, that fluttering, oh, so feminine *farcuse* of drawing-room comedy, with her charming indiscretions, adoring children, elderly admirer, troublesome spouse, and the whole bag of tricks. Running a hat shop, getting into Society, planning a divorce, recapturing an errant husband, how superbly she bridges the gulf between the nineteen hundreds and the nineteen thirties. How easily she swings from cigarettes and cocktails to convenient headaches and mislaid smelling-salts. How winsomely she admits that to be an inveterate sentimentalist is the secret of perennial youth. In *The Man Who Kissed His Wife*, by Donald Buckley, the gay ghost of the two-hundred-and-first Mrs. Fraser, comes to life in the resourceful, wide-awake ego of Miss Iris Hoey. It is a mildly bigamous, mildly amusing, Box-and-Cox affair of minor tragedies and major coincidences.

For seven years Mrs. Lisden had been attributing her Robert's absence to a constitutional craving for a warm climate and a passion for big-game hunting. Once a year the neglected wife, whose only peccadillo was to take tea every Friday with her old friend and suitor, Bob Woking (Mr. Felix Aylmer), would travel abroad to effect a mythical reunion. At suitable intervals and great expense, lions' heads and tiger skins would arrive from the taxidermists. These subterfuges, so necessary to a woman's respectability in the country, were all very well when the

children were young, but the time was ripe for more substantial evidence. Marjorie, the elder daughter (Miss Diana Beaumont), was engaged to John Seacombe (Mr. Edward Scott-Gatty), a nice young man with £2,000 a year, and here was that old cat, Lady Seacombe (Miss Helen Ferrers), refusing her consent on the plea of "No father, no wedding."

Mrs. Lisden's "Come-back-at-once-all-is-forgiven" advertisement in the Personal Column produced not one Robert but two. First, the tame-cat from the blameless heights of Queen Anne's Mansions; then the wild man from the legendary swamps of Hippopotto, or more accurately the purlieus of Piccadilly Circus.

Warmly welcomed by the children and accepted by Lady Seacombe, Robert the Unreal held a winning hand. Marjorie and John were officially engaged and so too, by this time, were Edna (Miss Renée Gadd) and her penniless medical student (Mr. Denys Blakelock). Meanwhile the indispensable but semi-idiot Helen (Miss Kathleen Harrison) had taken back her notice, and the pretender's suitcases were in the dressing-room.

When Robert the Real (Mr. George Barraud) turned up there was only one course open to the deserter, whose strong suit was a sense of humour, and that was to assume the name and habit of Mr. Bob Woking. Where



HELEN (MISS KATHLEEN HARRISON)

Forgets her burglar-complex and agrees to stay on when the master returns. The arrival of a second protector is too much for her



ADA CROSSWELL (MISS MARGARET DAMER)

Views with horror and alarm her sister's machinations to retrieve a lost husband from imaginary safaris

had he been all these years, why had he left so suddenly, and what did he intend to do? At this point the author, with about ten minutes to go, was in a bit of a hole. It is easy to invent situations, but not so easy to explain them away. To summon an absent big-game hunter from Pogopogo is child's play. To get rid of him is the very devil. Robert the Real retired lightly-heartedly to console himself, one gathered, in week-end dalliance. He left behind him a story of bigamy, a woman called Mabel and a parson in Australia who had never been frocked, which scattered credulity to the four winds of chance.

Miss Hoey adding an all-embracing smile of childlike faith to the wayward charms of red hair, sets the pace with a lively show of temperamental bravura. Mr. Aylmer gives sly and solid support, and his colleagues, one and all, distinguish themselves to the full measure of their opportunities.

#### "Her First Affaire."

Am the theatrical publicity expert with a rhyming dictionary and what are the limits to his powers of persuasion as a go-getter for the box-office?

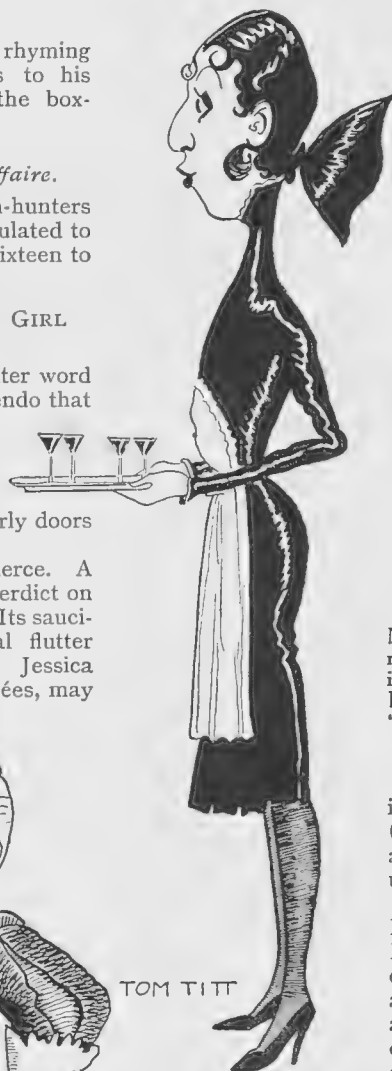
On Friday night she washes her hair,  
Now she's washing it out for *Her First Affaire*.

Descending to mere prose the slogan-hunters have endowed this piece with a label calculated to whet the appetite of every spinster from sixteen to sixty-five:—

#### THE SENSATIONAL PLAY THAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD SEE

"Sensational," perhaps is an even better word than "daring." One commends the innuendo that a maiden's education is incomplete without a visit to the Duke of York's. "We will put you wise, young ladies, but don't blame us if you're shocked. There are some things a girl ought to know. The early doors of knowledge are now open."

Everything's fair in love and commerce. A mild curiosity concerning the jeune fille's verdict on the Sensation is nevertheless permissible. Its sauciness may evoke—who knows?—a virginal flutter in Balham's blameless bosoms. Auntie Jessica from the country, doing one of her matinées, may blush and giggle now and then behind her fur tippet. But if these expectant dare-devils come to be shocked—within limits—they can depart with a clear conscience. For what harm is there



MISS ELLEN POLLOCK

As Susanne, the French maid, whose willingness for an "affaire" (certainly not her first) was encouraged by her employer's novels on love and let love



THE WIFE AND THE YOUNG WOMAN'S YOUNG MAN

Margot Maxon (Miss Zillah Bateman) the novelist's wife, takes Brian Cutler (Mr. Jack Hobbs), Ann's young man, on a joy-ride as a counterpoise to Ann's raid on her husband



HER FIRST AFFAIRE: THE PURSUED AND THE PURSUER

Mr. Henry Hewitt as the novelist whose books have induced Ann (Miss Margery Binner), a young woman born the day before yesterday, to believe that he is a "lion amongst the ladies." He turns out to be very much of a lamb

in sex-iness when free love is treated by the authors (Messrs. Merrill Rogers and Frederick Jackson) as a harmless joke and virtue is left triumphant and unimpaired?

The "Sensation" is supplied by Ann (Miss Margery Binner) who dismisses her fiancé, Brian (Mr. Jack Hobbs), as too old-fashioned because he disapproves of young people wallowing in promiscuous experiences as a prelude to marriage. Ann projects a whole-hog affair with Cary Maxton (Mr. Henry Hewitt), an easily-flattered, middle-aged novelist whose books and conversation have given her "ideas." Ann believes that Cary loves her, a strange deduction in view of the paternal coolth of his kisses. Cary's wife (Miss Zillah Bateman), one of those understanding women who know the form to an ounce, invites Ann to spend the night—several nights if necessary—in Cary's bungalow and so put her precepts into practice. Then she takes Brian off on a moonlight motor-drive. Ann appears in transparent negligée, in which, as she immodestly observes, she looks extremely "provocative," and offers the theorist a dose of his own medicine. But the master is merely bored by his pupil. The hot-air merchant is smitten by an attack of cold feet. Cary, as a propagandist, is a fraud, and as a sheikh worse than a wash-out. Ann's presence is a bar to work, his wife's absence a thorn of jealousy. In a word, ladies, nothing happens.

Mr. Hewitt's harassed air of conscious striving, Miss Binner's youthful elegance and orchidaceous lingerie, Miss Bateman's arch strategy, Mr. Hobbs's breezy bluster and recurrent laughter, and Miss Ellen Pollock's mincing gait and diablerie as a quite too-French French maid combine to give the piece the straightforward treatment it demands.

*Her First Affaire* is preceded by *Colour Blind*, by Mr. Frederick Jackson, a "tabloid musical comedy" involving Miss Marjorie Gordon, Mr. Frederick Ranalow, Mr. David Leslie, and Miss Eric Leslie in a painfully footling affair of revolver shots, lingerie, and abduction interspersed with song and dance. I wish it were possible to be colour-blind to the curtains in which this curtain raiser is played.

"TRINCULO."





WITH THE QUORN: MRS. VAUGHAN,  
MISS ULRICA THYNNE, MADAME DE  
SORIANO, AND MRS. RONALD KAYE

A photograph taken when hounds met at Brooksby Gate on a very moderate scenting day. In the afternoon a fox from Sherrard's Spinney provided a hunt of fifty minutes before going to ground in Brooksby Spinney. Miss Ulrica Thynne, Colonel Ulric Thynne's only daughter, is a newcomer to Leicestershire, and an exceedingly pretty one



SIR VICTOR AND  
LADY WARRENDER

## IN THE SHIRES



MRS. FINCH AND MRS. J. F. GRETTON

Two of the many people who attended the Cottesmore's Beaumont Chase fixture. Mrs. Gretton, who was married in May, was formerly Miss Margaret Loeffler, and is Colonel John Gretton's daughter-in-law. Sir Victor Warrender and his wife were also at Beaumont Chase, Lady Warrender having quite recovered from her recent heavy fall



MRS. HILTON GREEN AND MRS.  
MATHER JACKSON AT BROOKSBY

Though as the wife of the Master of the Meynell Mrs. Hilton Green is mainly concerned with this particular country, she has an occasional dart in the shires, and was hunting with the Quorn from Brooksby. Mrs. Edward Greenall is one of the big crop of early casualties, having broken her collar bone while out with the Belvoir on their Buckminster day when grief was so prevalent. Lady Londonderry (on the left), who is seen talking to the wife of the Master of the Cottesmore, is a good argument for that becoming and practical headgear, the top hat



LADY LONDONDERRY AND MRS. BAIRD WITH  
THE COTTESMORE AT BEAUMONT CHASE



ALSO AT BROOKSBY: MR. LLOYD THOMAS  
AND THE HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL

# WORTH SEEING

At a Recent Midland Meeting



COL. AND MRS. G. H. ANSON

This page relays an echo of the Cheltenham November Meeting which attracted a large number of notable persons. Before her marriage to the popular Squire of Catton Mrs. Anson knew Gloucestershire very well indeed, being the daughter of the late Mr. Strickland of Apperley Court, near Tewkesbury. She is now a decorative feature of the Meynell country. Colonel Anson commands the Staffordshire Yeomanry and was Joint Master and Huntsman of the South Staffordshire Hounds for seven seasons. Lady Joan Villiers, the only daughter of Lord Clarendon, the Governor-General-Elect of the Union of South Africa, goes with her parents to the Cape in the New Year. Mrs. Kingscote and Captain and Mrs. Rex Smart are assets of the V.W.H. neighbourhood. Miss Diana Coventry is the youngest daughter of the late the Hon. Charles Coventry, and Lady Sybil Lygon is another Worcestershire personality. Lady Sybil Phipps is one of the most consistent of race-goers, jumping-meetings making a special appeal to her



LADY JOAN VILLIERS

(Above right) MRS. MAURICE KINGS-COTE AND CAPTAIN AND MRS. REX SMART



MISS DIANA COVENTRY AND LADY SYBIL LYGON



MRS. ROWLAND FAWCETT AND LADY SYBIL PHIPPS



# PRISCILLA IN PARIS

**T**RÈS CHER,—The revival of a comedy by Sacha Guitry, especially when acted by Yvonne Printemps and the author himself, is always a bit of a thrill-maker! In this case more than usually so, for *La Jalousie* is a play in the same class as *Nono*, *Chez les Zoâques*, and other of Sacha's early successes. Also it is—although a revival—entirely new to most of the playgoers of to-day. Sacha wrote it, produced it, and played in it during the War, while the majority of the critics and spectators of last week's First Night were engaged elsewhere.

(And this reminds me, because, precisely, she was present at this revival, of the gorgeous War-time story of Cora Laparcerie and P—— F——, another young dramatist who did not put in much time at the Front. The actress, in answer to his request, sent him her photograph but dedicated it thus: "To P——; the man who might have shouldered a rifle"; to which P—— F——, witty and unashamed, replied with a copy of his latest work suitably inscribed—for Cora was always famous for her avoidupois and was, at that time, of particularly hefty proportions—"To Cora . . . who might have carried a cannon"!)

**B**ut to return to *La Jalousie*. It is a delightful three-act comedy in which Sacha, as an erring husband, suddenly becomes jealous of his wife (Yvonne) and pesters her so unceasingly with his ill-founded suspicions that he actually drives her to commit the fault of which he accuses her. While she is still innocent the wife is unable to convince him of the fact, but once she has . . . slipped, she becomes marvellously plausible and lies so convincingly that Sacha—*cocu et content*—implores her pardon for his unjust behaviour. Most amusing, and the part fits Sacha divinely. Maurice Chevalier and Yvonne Vallée were in a dress-circle box at this *première*, both looking very young and unspoiled. Indeed the way Maurice sat, intent on the acting, leaning forwards with his chin between his fists and his arms on the velvet ledge of the box, made me think that he must have looked very much the same when as a youngster he spent part of his week's earnings at the Bobino or the Casino St. Martin on Saturday night . . . but then it was on the iron

rail of the first row of the gallery that his elbows came to rest! I suppose I needn't tell you that he had a tremendous reception at the Châtelet the other evening at the opening performance of the fifteen "galas" he is now giving before going to London. All of a dither, poor lad, before the curtain went up, but very quickly reassured by the welcome he got.

All the world (well that part of it that matters to him!) was there. The stodgiest critics as well as variety page scribblers.

Star dust from the Philums and real constellations as well. Mistinguett for instance who is his old pal and one-time partner. Oh what sumpchusness. Diamond service stripes from elbow to wrist and the sort of ermine coat that is oftenest seen on those very high-class advertisement albums, all thick glaze and gold cord. She had arrived back from Nice—where she had been playing—that very morning. She came

up by road, and as a surprise, the conductor, together with some of the musicians of the Casino Jazz, met her car at the Port d'Italie and "played her into Paris" to the strains of "Valencia." Three char-r-r-ring persons created quite a stir also in the couloirs of the Châtelet. They were: Antoine, the hair-dresser, Jaques Catelin (yes, the "c" is left out on purpose . . . it is as silent as the "w" in Gwladys) the movie star and Guillot de Saix, the poet, who still is faithful to soft frilled shirts and wears his hair in the manner of Alfred de Musset. Antoine and Catelin both wore romantic evening capes over their "tails" and virginal white buttonholes; Antoine's was a real "cluster" of camellias and it was arranged at a most becoming angle on his right breast. Too sweet and pretty.

The fashion writers nearly swooned with excitement as they thronged round to take notes. Lilian Harvey, tremendously attractive despite a rather peevish little mouth, was labelled Greta Garbo by quite a lot of know-alls. She was sitting next to Henri Garat who seems to have jumped from small rôles at the Casino de Paris straight into talkie stardom. . . . But, you know, Très Cher, movie stars should never be seen in F and B at close quarters. They are always disappointing; this, if I may judge from the remarks of the many *braves bourgeois* who had flocked to the Châtelet and nobly plunked down their frs. 200 per stall, and were out to get their money's worth even during the entr'acte. Personally *je m'en f* . . . !

This letter seems to be of matters "mainly theatrical" so I may as well work the subject to the bitter end. I went to the *première* of the Opéra Russe à Paris at the Théâtre des Champs Élysées. When I tell you that Fédor Chaliapine was singing "Le Prince Igor" you can imagine what sort of a "sables, shoulders, and white-tie" house it was and what sort of a reception awaited Chaliapine whom we have not heard here, in opera, for several seasons. At the end of the first act a delegation from the Russian company trooped on to the stage and presented their "Fédor" with a bokay and a speech in French. Chaliapine who was evidently taken by surprise, for he confessed he usually prepares his "impromptus" a couple of weeks in advance, replied with a citation from Tolstoi in Russian which of course sounded great.—Love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



MLLE. YVONNE PRINTEMPS

Who is appearing with her equally distinguished husband, Sacha Guitry, in a revival of his play, "*La Jalousie*," which he wrote and produced during the War



A SCRAP?—MR. BILL GRADY, MLLE. JANE AUBERT, AND MR. ROBERT HALLIDAY

It is really only a "framed" scene in "New York Night Club Life"! Mr. Grady is Jane Aubert's manager in New York, where she now is far from her home town, Paris. Mr. Robert Halliday is the famous American musical-comedy star

## FOREIGN "GOODS"



SHAKESPEARE IN BERLIN: ELSE ELSTER AS  
TITANIA AND CARL HEINZ JAFFÉ AS OBERON  
IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

The plays of one Mr. William Shakespeare may not be a profit in his own country, but the Fatherland delights to honour the genius of the Bard of Avon. Recently, at the Deutsches Theater in Berlin, Max Reinhardt lent his artistry to the staging of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which Else Elster was a fascinating Titania to Carl Heinz Jaffé's Oberon. Ilse Bois, mimic, parodist, and mistress of satirical buffoonery, has achieved a big success in Germany, and on December 8 is to make her first appearance in this country at the Coliseum. Tragedy and pathos, as well as humour, have their place in the répertoire of this quick-change artist, whose versatility is amazing. Rowland Leigh provides a prologue in verse for her monologue work, most of which will be done in English



ILSE BOIS



A GERMAN PARODIST: ILSE BOIS



## GOLF AND GUNS



H.H. THE PRINCE AGA KHAN AND GEORGE DUNCAN



Gulmain

Top right: MISS EVELYN GRAHAME AND HER FIANCE, MR. GOTT, AT NORTH BERWICK



LADY BOWDEN AND LORD SAVILE

With the finish of the flat-racing season, during which he has had such spectacular successes, the Aga Khan will have more leisure to devote to golf, a game for which he has a great fondness. George Duncan is H.H.'s own particular coach, and above is seen watching his pupil driving in a match with the assistant professional at Roehampton. The Aga is an important member of the India Round Table Conference now sitting in London. Miss Evelyn Grahame, the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. George Grahame, is to marry Mr. John Gott on December 18 at North Berwick, this being one of Miss Grahame's two Scottish homes. Her fiancé, like herself an ardent golfer, lives at Cowesby Hall, near Thirsk, and is a nephew of Colonel and Lady Evelyn Collins. Lord Savile came over from Rufford to shoot with Sir Harold Bowden when the latter had a big pheasant battue at Bestwood Park. Lady Bowden is Sir Harold's second wife, and was formerly Miss Muriel Ker-Douglas. Sir James Wilson (on the right) was adjudicating during the English Springer Spaniel Trials held last week at Aberfoyle. He is the second baronet, and owns Invertrossachs, near Callander, in Perthshire



Ian Smith

SIR JAMES WILSON





Child (hearing knock at the door): "If you come in, Uncle,  
you must excuse me being all in pink!"

*By A. E. Bestall*





## TAIL HOUND

by Gilbert Holiday

396—397





# TAIL HOUNDS!

by Gilbert Holiday

pp. 397



# From each County— a word of praise for DUNLOP

A Lancashire motorist says—  
... a few words of gratitude and congratulations on the way in which my Dunlop tyres have worn. In August 1927, I bought a 12 H.P. car, and since then have used the original tyres, during which time I have motored in most parts of England, Scotland and Wales with one tour across Holland, Belgium, Germany and Czecho-Slovakia and back via Luxembourg and France. My mileage now is 25,000

LANCASHIRE

A Yorkshire motorist says—

It will be of interest to you to know that I have, or rather am just on the point of buying my first new tyre for my small saloon, after having covered over 28,000 miles on the original set of Dunlop tyres ... covering some of the worst road surfaces it is possible to imagine. I consider it a wonderful performance.

YORKSHIRE

A Buckinghamshire motorist says—

The Dunlop tyres on my saloon car have done over 15,000 miles and are still running. I might add that my business takes me into the heart of the country where the roads are bad and normally covered with flints.

This performance speaks wonders for Dunlop tyres.

BUCKS

A Cornwall motorist says—

I have just removed a Dunlop tyre from my car which has run just over 20,000 miles.

My business takes me over all classes of roads, some very rough which makes the performance all the more remarkable.

CORNWALL



A Suffolk motorist says—

I should like to express my appreciation of the wonderful wearing qualities of Dunlop tyres. Two of the tyres on my car are the original ones supplied, and the mileage to date is 22,437.

I have toured over all sorts and conditions of roads and have been singularly free from punctures.

SUFFOLK

A Surrey motorist says—

It may be of interest to you to hear my personal report on a set of Dunlop tyres.

My 20 H.P. car has been in varied use for two-and-a-half years on all sorts of roads. The car is now well up to the 20,000 mileage mark and there are still three of the original tyres doing good service. This says something for the quality of your tyres.

SURREY

A Kent motorist says—

... My Dunlop-equipped car has now nearly 10,000 miles to its credit, covering rough roads of Scotland, Wales, etc., and up to the time of writing the spare wheel has not yet been fitted. Considering the rough roads over which I have travelled I think the tyres have done exceptionally well—they are still fit for many more miles. I congratulate you on the tyres ...

KENT

A Warwickshire motorist says—

... I have nothing but praise for the Dunlop tyres fitted to my car. My car has just been sold and the tyres actually on the car when I disposed of it have run approximately 20,000 miles with complete satisfaction ...

WARWICK

## THE FIRST TYRE IN THE WORLD



## STARDUST FROM FILM-LAND!



"THE WHITE DEVIL" FILM AT THE  
ALHAMBRA

"The White Devil," whose director is Alexander Woolkoff, stars three big guns in the dancing world, Ivan Mosjoukine, Lila Dagova, and Betty Annam, the latter playing the lead. It is a German-made film and hails from the famous Ufa Studios in Berlin, which are probably quite as up to date as anything they have in Hollywood. This film opened in London at the Alhambra on November 15. "Swing High" has to do with the circus and acrobats and such like, and the principal star is not Miss Dorothy Burgess but Miss Helen Twelvetrees, who plays the heroine, a beautiful trapeze artiste, who naturally is in love with the hero



MISS DOROTHY BURGESS AND MR. FRED SCOTT IN "SWING HIGH" AT THE DOMINION THEATRE



## MARK OVER AT LOCKO PARK



LADY MARY ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE AND MR. HARRIS



LADY SEAFIELD AND HER HUSBAND



CAPTAIN DRURY-LOWE



COMMANDER LISTER-KAYE AND MRS. DRURY-LOWE



MR. AND MRS. JOHN DRURY-LOWE

Some of the most sporting pheasants in Derbyshire are to be found at Locko Park, therefore an invitation to shoot Captain Drury-Lowe's coverts is flattering to the recipient. The host and his wife are famous for their hospitality, and no matter what entertainment is afoot, guests are invariably of the opinion that "an agreeable time was had by all." On the particular occasion illustrated here, members of the house-party included Lord Rosslyn's younger daughter and Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert and his wife, Lady Seafield. Mr. John Drury-Lowe, the only son of the house, was recently married to Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere. He is in the Scots Guards, his father's regiment, and last year was A.D.C. to the Governor of Gibraltar, General Sir Alexander Godley. Locko, a most "stately home" surrounded by a vast park, houses many treasures, the pictures being particularly fine. It also has a private chapel, not attached to but actually in the house

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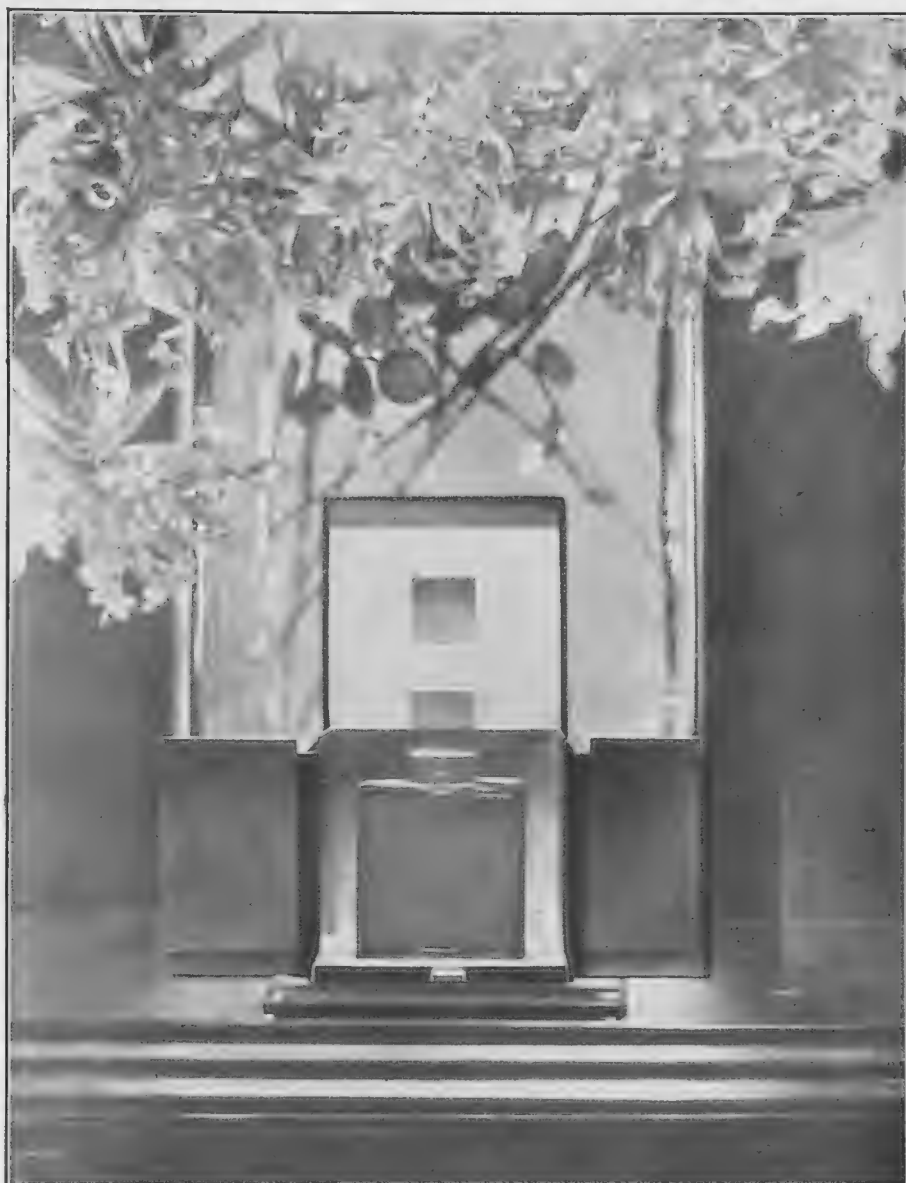
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MR. LESLIE HENSON ON THE FLICKERS

To be precise in the all-talkie version of "A Warm Corner," which is due at the New Gallery Cinema on November 24. In the meanwhile, of course, this incomparable artist is very busy making London hold both its sides in "It's a Boy" at the Strand Theatre

THE vicar had a certain truculent woman parishioner noted for her fondness for a drop of gin. One day she went to church hiccuping with painful distinctness. The parson bore it for a few moments, then looking at the verger, he exclaimed publicly, "Smith, kindly remove that person from the church."

Smith rose reluctantly to obey. The congregation held its breath, expecting a scene, but to their relief the woman rose and left without a murmur. After the service the vicar congratulated his verger on the tactful way in which he had removed the culprit. "How did you manage it?" he asked.

"Well, sir," said the verger, "I just went to her and whispered: 'Come on, ma; come out and have one wi' me.'"

A philanthropic lady had given up her afternoon to address a class of young pupils at the village school.

"Now," she commenced, "can anyone tell me the greatest of all the virtues?"

No answer.

"Come, now, think," she insisted, "what am I doing when I give up my own pleasure to come and talk to you?"

A grimy little fist shot up.

"Well, my little man," she asked, "what am I doing?"

"Please, Miss, buttin' in," came the reply.

"You are looking glum this morning, George," said the vicar to the usually cheerful old villager. "What's the matter?"

"Got a new 'at, sir," was the reply.

"A new hat!" exclaimed the vicar, "well, now, I should have thought that was a matter for rejoicing."

"Aye," said George, "but it falls off if I laugh."

The little man went to his doctor with an extremely bad ankle. When the medical man examined it he exclaimed: "Good heavens, man! Do you know you've got a broken ankle? How long has it been like this?"

"A couple of days," was the reply.

"Why on earth didn't you come to me sooner?"

"Well, doctor, to tell you the truth, I didn't like to complain to my wife. You see, every time I tell her that something's wrong with me she makes me knock off smoking."

## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Henry James Byron, the celebrated actor, who held the stage from 1834 to 1884, was fancied for his wit and gift of repartee. Here are two specimens:

When Poole, the celebrated fashionable tailor died, Byron was calling on a friend who asked him if he had heard the news. He had not, and inquired: "What was the cause of death?" "Apoplexy," was the reply. "Ah," said he, "just like a tailor to go off in a fit."

Not long before his death Byron attended the wedding of a friend of his named Day, who was marrying a Miss Alice Weeks. The wit gave the newly-wed couple the following impromptu by way of a send-off:

"A Week is lost, a Day is gained,  
But let us not complain,  
There'll soon be little days enough  
To make a week again."

\* \*

At the first mouthful the young husband screwed up his face in disgust. "This steak tastes queer, dear," he said to his newly-wedded wife.

"I can't understand it," she replied tearfully. "I know I burned it a little, but I rubbed some vaseline on it right away. It ought to be all right —."

\* \*

The young curate was about to conduct his first marriage service. A little pale and nervous, he proceeded.

"To have and to hold," he reiterated to the deaf bridegroom.

"Eh?"

The curate repeated the words.

"To 'ave and to 'old," grinned the bridegroom.

The clergyman went on, "from this day forward —"

"Eh?"

"From this day forward."

"Till this day fortnitt!" came the surprised murmur.



Peter North

MISS MURIEL ANGELUS

Who is playing with such success in "Sons o' Guns," a big winner at the Hippodrome. Miss Angelus has been also busy on the talkies, and has just finished a film in which she has a star part as a cabaret dancer.

# Her Christmas Choice

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# Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

THE fox-hunting volume of "The Lonsdale Library" (Seeley Service and Co., Ltd., London), edited by Sir Charles Frederick, the distinguished ex-Master of the Pytchley, is one which every person who goes out hunting will not only welcome but buy, because it is one of those books of reference without which they cannot get along. Eleven Masters of Hounds on the active list are amongst its contributors, and the only regret that I have personally, and I say it with feeling, is that they are not afforded greater scope. I am doing another volume myself and am trying hard to put a quart into a pint pot. This is why I express my sympathy. However,



LADY ATHLUMNEY WITH THE MEATH  
Poole, Dublin

A snapshot when these hounds met at Moyglare, near Maynooth, recently. Lord Athlumney, who died last year, was in the Coldstream, and was Provost Marshal in London during the War

When *they* are beat they will look to you for help, but the longer their SOS is deferred the better is your pack.

If everyone who hunts hounds, or tries to, had these golden words of wisdom stamped in his memory, how good it would be for sport. The whole of Mr. Isaac Bell's chapter is full of similarly excellent advice. A wonderful effort!

The hideous risks which fox-hunters run is referred to in the following paragraph in an Edinburgh paper:

It was revealed to-day that—Earl B— broke his left arm on Sunday morning while cooling his horse at his country home in Leicestershire.

I see by the papers that our wonderful medical profession has discovered a serum which absolutely corks up colds in the head and is effectual even after one application. Whilst I think this is one of the most marvellous discoveries of the age, is there not yet another one due—a serum that will guarantee that you get a perpetual cold in the head with sneezing and a sore and dripping nose? I am sure that there is a crying need for this. It would make flirting and cat-burgling impossible, it would stop some counsel from wasting

publishers are very hard-hearted, and they do not believe that the age of miracles is past. Sir Charles Frederick says:

This book is designed for the pleasure of those who are fond of the horse and the hound, and for everyone, old or young, whose heart beats a little faster when a fox breaks covert.

It fulfils this purpose in every respect. The chapter which appeals to me most is the one by Mr. Isaac Bell, present Master of that historic old pack, the South and West Wilts, and a former Master of the Blazers and the Kilkenny. Mr. Isaac Bell needs no encomiums from anyone, and when he writes of "The Huntsman in the Field" he is upon ground that is peculiarly his own. There are these sentences which impress one very specially for they are so true:

When your team (which I call your pack) is working hard doing it in first-class style, you will not require to speak to them or distract them from their work. For what could you say which could improve matters? Leave them alone; don't interrupt them.

the time of the court and sending His Majesty's judges to sleep, it would stop post-mortems at bridge, it would render next to impossible certain informalities which owing to the present slipshod condition of our law have to precede certain formalities in one of the divisions of our High Court, it would stop most murders, especially poisoning (for who could measure out a nice drop of strychnine or weed-killer if he were sneezing his heart out), it would almost stop

people writing to the papers about "The Correct Seat in Jumping," it would send the weaving trade (handkerchief department)



ON THE GREAT BARRIER REEF:  
DR. AND MRS. C. M. YONGE

Dr. Yonge was the leader and his wife the medical officer of the Great Barrier Reef Expedition of 1928, and Dr. Yonge, who is in the Marine Biological Laboratory, is just about to publish his book on the adventures of the expedition. They were on the reef for a year, and this picture was taken at the time



HOLLA'ED AWAY

An actual and very unusual snapshot. Lord Holmpatrick viewed the fox away when the Meath found after meeting at Moyglare. Lord Holmpatrick was Joint Master of these hounds twice—once with Sir Thomas Ainsworth (1922-25) and later with Captain R. H. Fowler, one of the present Joint Masters, 1926-27

up with a bound, it would teach waiters to be more careful, it would eliminate those persons who are always wanting to tell you funny stories and half-way through forget the point and have to try back, and some then don't pick up the line, it would also destroy the verbose in and out of the House of Commons and the House of Lords, it might even lay some publishers out stark and corpse a few of those income tax-collectors who, as someone has recently disclosed, have to pass regular examinations in frightfulness and the art of *spurlos versenkt*, at which some of them are already pretty good. These are only a few of the benefits which could be obtained by humanity at large if our clever doctors discovered a serum which would guarantee a permanent cold in the head (with heavy and devastating sneezing) and had it put up by the chemists in some form in which it could

(Continued on p. xxviii)

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# RUGBY RAMBLINGS

**W**E are now only a fortnight from the 'Varsity match which promises to be a greater attraction than ever this year. Oxford's gallant victory last December, breaking as it did a sequence of Light Blue victories

in almost every department of sport, caused tremendous enthusiasm, and it remains to be seen whether they can repeat the performance. The game seems to be fairly open, and only a fanatical enthusiast would lay heavy odds.

For some reason unknown to the unprejudiced observer, Cambridge were installed strong favourites very early in the season, but the Dark Blues, with their victories over Newport and the Harlequins, soon showed that they were by no means out of the running. They have a very useful pack, well led by

S. J. Hoffmeyr, who played such a wonderful game a year ago. One or two of the skirmishers are rather prone to getting offside, a fault which should be easy to cure.

As a matter of fact one has seen them penalized wrongly, the referee not perceiving that they were behind the ball all the time. Tom Joyce used to suffer in the same way; he was often pulled up for offside when he had had the ball in front of him always. The referee, on the other side of the loose scrum could not see the ball, and seldom indeed gave Tom the benefit of the doubt.

In T. M. Hart, a freshman from Glasgow, who played for Scotland against Wales and Ireland last season, the Dark Blues have the best centre of the match. When he turned out against the Harlequins there was no comparison possible between him and J. E. Hutton as to all-round ability, the Oxford man was definitely superior. Perhaps he is destined to play the part of M. Robson, who scored all the points by which Oxford won at Twickenham.

The Dark Blues have been in sad trouble about a scrum half. D. E. A. Roberts, whose selection for Wales against England last January was one of the mysteries of the season, failed to find any real form,

and an Australian, N. K. Lamport, was very little better. This was unfortunate, for W. Roberts, another Welsh cap at stand-off half, brilliant though he is at times, requires a good deal of solid support. This particular member of the Roberts clan can win any match on his day, but no one, and he himself least

of all, knows when that day is to be.

Some people seem to think that there is too strong a Colonial element in the Oxford side, but there is not a great deal in the contention. At the same time one has noticed that freshmen from Australia and New Zealand are fairly sure of a good trial, though as a rule their previous performances quite justify it. This must always be the case under the present arrangements as to Rhodes scholars, and it is probably true that in the

past one or two Englishmen have suffered. But things like this are often happening. There was once a period when it was commonly said that unless you wore red stockings, the sign of a Scottish school, you had no chance of a place in the Oxford pack. There may have been more than one such period, but the one referred to coincided with the Consulship of Plancus, and there can be no doubt about.

The Tabs used to jeer about the Rhodes scholars, and mind you, not without some reason. But they have had their own little bits of luck lately. There was a certain forward not unknown to fame who, by virtue of his connection with the R.A.F. obtained the distinction of a Rugby blue—his name was W. W. Wakefield. The Navy gave them a centre named Evans if

memory serves, and this season the Army has provided them with a more than useful half, F. W. Simpson, an R.E. officer doing a course at Cambridge.

There will be further opportunity of summing up the match, but at present Oxford strike one as being rather the sounder side, and if the day should be wet one would expect them to win. Their forwards are probably more formidable in the loose than the Light Blues, though this, of course, remains to be proved.

"LINE-OUT."



KENT COUNTY RUGGER XV

The team which put up such a good performance in a recent match v. Eastern Counties. Kent won by 14 points to 6. The names in this group, left to right, are: G. Hale (referee), G. Laing (Blackheath), F. S. Hodder (London Irish), P. J. Fuller (Beckenham), T. F. Mitchell (Blackheath), R. H. Osborne (Bank of England), J. E. Giesen (Guy's Hospital), C. C. McCreight (Harlequins), H. L. Hollis (secretary), R. G. S. Hobbs (Richmond), Windsor H. Lewis (Guy's Hospital), J. R. Cole (Harlequins), A. P. Heppenstall, captain (Old Alleynians), J. C. Gibbs (Harlequins), K. M. Wright (London Scottish), H. H. C. Withers (Blackheath), S. T. A. Radcliffe (Blackheath)

Bassano



BLACKHEATH v. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY

An action picture of the recent encounter at the Rectory Field which Blackheath won 18 to 16 under conditions which were not ideal. The Cambridge side did not combine as well as they have recently, and on the other hand the Club XV showed a good bit of improvement. Cambridge were minus some of their leading characters, notably J. G. Askew and R. W. Smeddle





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*"Horror rose in my heart like a wind at sea, and very slowly the face began to smile"*

## "THE MAN WHO SMILED"

By PEGGY HARRIS

Brown's Hotel, Dover Street, W.1.  
September 22.

**M**Y DEAR BARNARD.—With reference to our conversation last Thursday, I am venturing to write and ask you if you will do me a favour.

I was greatly interested by the stories you told us of the cures performed by your friend, Dr. Grunberg, and I have been seriously thinking of consulting him about a most unpleasant experience of my own. I have several times been on the point of telephoning to him and asking for an appointment, but for some reason, perhaps an inherent dislike of psycho-analysis, my courage has always failed me.

At the same time I have been, and still am, so worried by the experience to which I refer, that I feel that I should leave no stone unturned in trying to find a reasonable explanation of it.

I have, therefore, written a full account of the events which occurred, and I should be extremely grateful if you would forward this to Dr. Grunberg and ask him, if he thinks he can be of any assistance to me, to communicate with me direct.

I am fully aware that it will be necessary for us to have an interview, but I feel that I could more easily submit to this if Dr. Grunberg were already in possession of the facts of the case.

With apologies for troubling you,

I remain, yours sincerely,

JOHN RANDALL.

My name is John Randall; I am fifty-two years old, and I am a solicitor by profession. I am unmarried, and have lived for nearly thirty years at my club.

Last August, on the evening of the 9th to be exact, I returned to the club after a tedious dinner with a client.

I arrived there feeling tired and jaded, a not uncommon feeling after a year's work in London, and I was thinking with

pleasurable anticipation of my holiday, which was to start the next day.

As I am a bad sleeper in hot weather I decided that I would not go to bed at once but would look into the smoking-room on the chance of getting a rubber of bridge. I did not expect to find many people in the club at that time of year, but as we were also open to the members of Bright's, as is our practice every August, I thought I should probably get a game. However, I was disappointed, for though there were three men in the smoking-room, one of them, a young engineer called Martin, does not play.

Nevertheless, I did not feel inclined to go to bed, so I ordered myself a drink, and sitting down, started to read the "Evening Standard."

Before long I became aware of a draught at the back of my neck. I looked round, but the door was shut, though it had obviously just been opened, as a man was standing by the table in the middle of the room, apparently selecting a paper.

His face was half turned away from me, but it seemed vaguely familiar, and I began to wonder where I had seen him before. He was a very ordinary-looking man dressed in a grey suit, middle-aged, of medium height and build, with a pale face and hair which was beginning to recede.

"No doubt I've met him somewhere," I thought. "Anyway he doesn't look particularly exciting," and I returned to my paper.

At that moment someone behind me laughed; the laugh leaped out of the shadows and slithered round the room like a wild thing in pain. I jumped round in my chair but there was no one behind me except the man in the grey suit, and he was still standing by the table filling his pipe.

He must have felt my eyes upon him for he looked up at me and smiled.

It was not a nice smile. In the days of my youth I used to do a certain amount of work at a boys' club in the East End,

(Continued overleaf)



and one night on my way home I witnessed a fight between two lascars. Eventually the fight ended in murder; one man got knocked down and the other sat on his chest, and, taking a knife from his belt, proceeded quite deliberately to cut his throat. And as he drew the knife across his opponent's throat he smiled.

I had never seen a smile like that before—or since—but now, nearly twenty years later, I saw it again on the face of the man in the grey suit. And as I watched him, I felt my own mouth contracting and I, too, began to smile.

I regret to say that when I was a small boy I used to catch flies and pull off their wings. It used to make me feel quite sick and yet I went on doing it, knowing perfectly well what the fly must be feeling and yet unable to prevent myself from revelling in the knowledge of its pain.

I was at my prep. school in those days, but the memory came back across the years, and I saw myself very distinctly sitting on the window-sill of the third-form room with a miserable little insect fluttering between my fingers.

I was brought back to the present by old Pendleby—he's a courteous old chap though he is an infernal bore—and I suppose he thought the stranger might be feeling rather out of it.

"Won't you come and join us, sir?" he said, "perhaps you'd like a drink?"

The man in the grey suit started, and the pipe he was filling fell to the ground and broke. He gave a little irritable shrug of the shoulders—the gesture seemed vaguely familiar to me—and moved forward towards us.

"Thank you," he said, and his voice was perfectly quiet and ordinary, "thank you; I think a drink would be an excellent idea, it's devilish hot this evening."

He drew up a chair and sat down beside me, and again I was certain I had seen the fellow before.

Nobody said anything for a few moments, then old Pendleby, who would talk to a deaf mute if he thought there was the slightest chance of making himself understood, said:

"London is getting very empty, I suppose everyone will be gone soon. I go north myself in a couple of days, in time for the twelfth, you know; I daresay you'll be doing the same yourself?"

The stranger shook his head. "No," he said, "I don't shoot."

"No?" said Pendleby. "Well, I think you miss a lot, if you don't mind my saying so. It's a great sport, a great sport. Extraordinarily fascinating pipping the little devils as they come over. I remember last year, shooting an old black-cock, devilish fine shot it was—though I say it as shouldn't—his head was completely severed from his body, and it fell down in my butt right at my feet; I remember now what a feeling of satisfaction it gave me."

I glanced at Pendleby in surprise, I had always thought him a humane old man. He was gazing straight in front of him at the unlit fire, and the corners of his mouth were lifting very slightly as he smiled.

Markham, who was sitting on the other side of him, put down the book he was reading.

"It's a funny thing," he said, "how a chicken will run quite a long way without its head; I suppose most people don't know that that applies to human beings as well. I remember in the War a pal of mine had his head blown clean off as he was running along the duck-boards, and I'm damned if he didn't go on running with the blood spurting out of his neck like a

fountain. He ran along looking like nothing on God's earth till he tripped over something and fell at my feet, and the blood spattered all over me like ink from a fountain-pen filler. Damned funny it must have looked—you may well laugh."

I don't know which of us it was who did laugh, but I heard the horrid sound twisting round the room like something unclean.

Appalling, I thought, to laugh at a story like that, and yet I supposed it must have given one a bit of a thrill—the feel of red-hot blood splashing into one's face.

Markham had risen to his feet. "Well," he said, "I think I'll go to bed. Good-night you chaps."

He turned back from the door and smiled at us, and I thought of the lascar and the knife drawing its crimson slit across a brown throat.

"T-t-talking about b-blood," said Martin, "I ran over a d-dog the other day."

Martin was a shy, gentle little man with a bad stammer, and I thought how upset he must have been, for I knew that he bred dogs himself.

"The f-funny thing is," said Martin, "it wasn't nearly as unp-p-pleasant as I'd have thought. I'd always thought b-before that if ever I ran over a d-d-dog I'd n-n-ever d-d-drive again—I'm v-very f-f-fond of d-dogs—but when this actually happened, it was quite d-d-different from anything I'd expected. B-b-both my wheels went straight over him—he was only a s-s-small t-t-terrier—and when I got out to l-look at him—well upon my s-soul he was squashed as f-flat as a p-p-pancake."

Almost imperceptibly, Martin began to smile to himself.

"Was the dog dead?" I asked. I simply had to say something to break that silence.

"Oh n-no," said Martin, "but he d-died; n-n-not quite at once, b-b-but he d-d-died. Well I think I'll f-follow M-Markham's example."

He got up and stretched himself, "G-g-good-night all," he said—he was still smiling.

Old Pendleby had fallen asleep in his chair and his stertorous breathing was the only sound in the room for a

moment, then very, very faintly someone laughed.

I turned almost desperately to the man at my side; I felt I must talk to someone.

The stranger looked inquiringly back at me.

"Once," he said in a meditative voice, "I strangled a man. He came to my flat to try and blackmail me, and I'm afraid I lost my temper and went for him. He was a short thick-set fellow, and, to tell you the truth, I thought I'd met my match. Luckily he wore no collar, and I managed to get my hands round his throat before he realized what I was at. I see you look rather perturbed, but I assure you it was quite a pleasurable sensation. I have fairly strong hands, and I squeezed the fellow's throat till his eyes began to bulge out of his head. I could feel the blood pulsing under my thumbs and his breath quivered in his throat like the wings of little birds. Then his head fell forward with a jerk and his tongue came out, and I knew he was dead."

The man in the grey suit began to laugh, and I felt cold shivers of fear chasing one another up and down my spine.

Sitting there in a well-known club, with old Pendleby snoring in a chair at my side, I felt suddenly and most terribly afraid; but with my fear was mingled another feeling, and I, too, knew the ecstasy that the stranger must have known when his hands had been at a man's throat, and life had ebbed slowly away between his fingers.

(Continued on p. xxxiv)



IN JUGO-SLAVIA: THE CROWN PRINCE PETER AND PRINCE TOMISLAV

An unrehearsed incident in the park of the castle at Dedinje near Belgrade. Prince Tomislav is the younger brother of the Crown Prince



Bond St

ASPREY

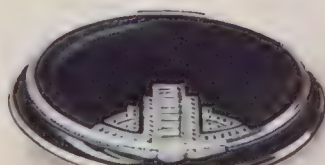
London

(est 1781)

FINE ENAMEL ON STERLING SILVER.



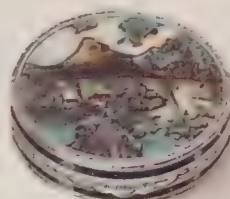
Powder Box, for Compact  
Marcassite Ornament  
2.2.0



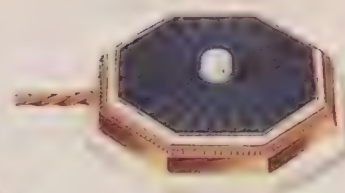
Powder Box, fitted with Sifter.  
Marcassite Ornament.  
3.10.0



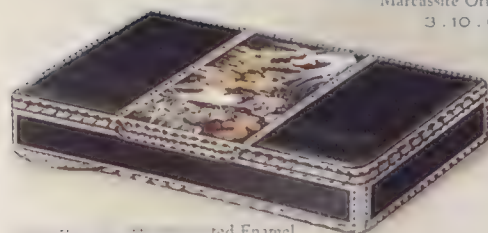
Powder Box, Enamel Lid.  
Marcassite Ornament.  
1.3.6



Powder Box, inlaid Mother-o'-Pearl,  
fitted with Compact.  
5.7.6



Bell Push,  
on Ivory Base  
2.2.6



red Enamel.

9.15.0



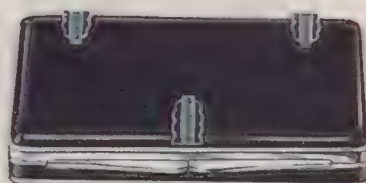
Bell Push.  
1.5.0



Cigarette Case, with Ivory Picture  
Marcassite set Frame  
10.2.6



Cigarette Case, with Sapphire Clasp  
in Marcassite Mount.  
8.5.0



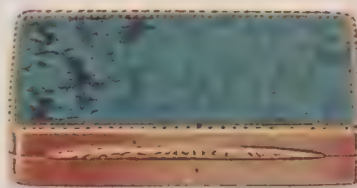
Cigarette Case.  
Size, 3 1/2 x 1 1/2 in. 5.10.0



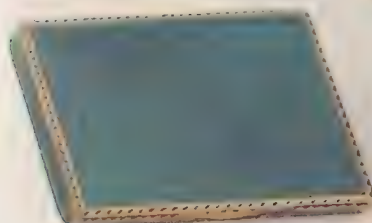
13.5.0



Hand-painted Enamel Vanity Case,  
fitted with Powder and Cream  
division and Lipstick.  
Size, 2 1/2 x 1 1/2 in. 6.10.0



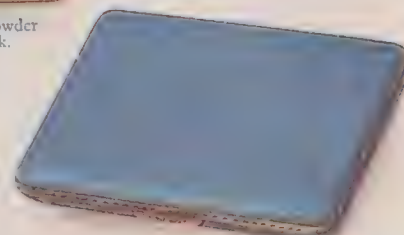
Enamel Vanity Case, fitted with Powder  
and Cream division and Lipstick.  
4.15.0



Cigarette Case.  
Size, 3 1/2 x 2 1/2 in. 3.7.6  
In all colours



Cigarette Case, with Crystal Lid  
and Lapis Dog Mount.  
Size, 3 1/2 x 2 1/2 in. 6.15.0



Cigarette Case, fitted with Clasp  
and Spring Lid.  
Size, 3 1/2 x 2 1/2 in. 4.2.6



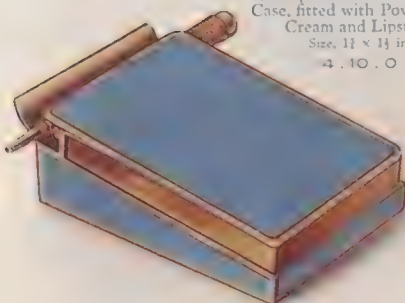
Hand-painted Enamel Vanity  
Case, fitted with Powder and  
Cream and Lipstick  
Size, 1 1/2 x 1 1/2 in.  
4.10.0



Hand-painted Enamel Vanity Case, fitted with Loose  
Powder and Cream compartments and Lipstick.  
Size, 3 1/2 x 1 1/2 in. 6.0.0  
Also in plain colours



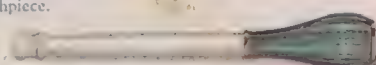
Hand-painted Enamel Vanity  
Case, fitted Loose Powder  
and Lipstick.  
Size, 2 1/2 x 1 1/2 in.  
5.0.0  
Also in plain colours



Note Block, with Spring-up Lid  
secured by Pencil.  
Size, 4 x 2 1/2 in. 6.15.0  
5 x 3 in. 9.0.0



Cigarette Holder,  
Ivory Mouthpiece.



In Screw Top Case. 1.3.6



Powder Box, for Compact.  
Marcassite Ornament  
Size, 1 1/2 x 1 1/2 in. 2.10.0

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of  
quality  
your own  
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# A PAGE FULL

# OF SPORT



WITH THE COTTESMORE: MR. W. J. BAIRD, M.F.H., AND MRS. MICHAEL HORNBY



THE HON. MOUNTJOY FANE, ALSO WITH THE COTTESMORE



WARWICK RACES: LADY GLENAPP AND CAPTAIN D. C. M. BEECH



THE NEWSTEAD ABBEY SHOOT

Howard Barrett

In front—Colonel H. Birkitt, Lord Savile, Mrs. Charles Birkin, Mr. D. Warner-Turner.  
At back—Mr. T. Warner-Turner, Lord Chetwynd, Mrs. Kyrle-Smith, and Colonel C. W. Birkin

This page ought to be called "All in the Ring," for there are pictures of three different kinds of sport seasonable to the present time. Mr. W. J. Baird is carrying on the master-ship of the Cottesmore alone and unaided owing to the much-regretted death of the late Joint Master, and the picture was taken at the recent fixture at Braunston, not far from Oakham. The Hon. Mountjoy Fane, who is a brother of Lord Westmorland, was also with the Cottesmore. Warwick Races, at which Lady Glenapp, Lord Inchcape's daughter-in-law, was snapshotted, were run in almost spring-like weather. Mrs. Edmonstone is the wife of the Joint Master of that happy family, the Fernie, Captain Charles Edmonstone. Newstead Abbey, where the shooting group was taken, is Henry II's penance for the murder of Thomas à Becket



MRS. A. C. EDMONSTONE AND HER DAUGHTER, MARY





H.H. THE JAM SAHIB'S SHOOT AT SWAFFHAM

McGlone

H.H. the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar will never be anything but "Ranji" to this country—and to the world at large for that matter. In the intervals of the India Round Table Conference he had time to give this shoot at his place at Swaffham Hall. The names in the group are: Standing—Mr. A. D. Sadler, A.D.C., A.D.C., A.D.C., Colonel Amar Singh, Mr. C. Rush, H.H. the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, Mr. A. N. Bocock, Mr. Yarrow. Seated—Mr. C. J. Rush, the Right Hon. Sir Leslie Scott, M.P., H.H. the Maharajah of Alwar, H.H. the Maharaj-Kumar of Patiala, and Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, M.P.

## General Reflections.

ONE of these fine days, in spite of a deplorably decreasing energy, I shall really have to sit down and seriously tackle the guide-book question, by which I mean the production of manuals proper to the use of modern motorists. For I vow that the things which are available to-day are quite hopelessly inadequate—even those which are sponsored by our great motoring organizations and by Mr. Dunlop. The other sort—that which can be bought (or at least ought to be on sale) in a stationer's shop, and deal with a relatively small locality—are past praying for. They seem to be, without exception, compiled by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, for they are concerned almost exclusively with east windows, fonts, brasses, apses, advowsons, and epitaphs. I am much mistaken if this is the kind of thing the twentieth-century tourist wants whatever be his mode of travel. Why have we no guide-books, made in a suitably portable form, that will deal with the other matters of interest, preferably those which we can see without necessarily getting out of the car? All this diatribe is brought forth by the fact that for some years I have been doing an injustice to the delectable county of Kent. Its great roads that lead to great golf courses I know to satiety, but the inside, so to speak, I have never properly explored. This is for the simple reason that I have generally lived due west or even north-west of London, and if you look at the map you will see that that makes most of Kent rather inaccessible. Fine highways radiate from Westminster Bridge, but you have to work your way across these by devious routes. There are practically no "straights," and driving is apt to be therefore a little tiresome. For a sojourn of two or three days I picked upon Goudhurst as the best possible centre. It well commands the country of the "hursts"—Staplehurst, Sissinghurst, Henghurst, Shadoxhurst, Lamberhurst, Ticehurst, Wadhurst, Hawkhurst, Salehurst, Sandhurst . . .—as also that of the "dens"—Marden, Smarden, Halden, Standen, Dashmonden, Biddenden, Tenterden, Rolvenden, Newenden, Bethersden, Frittenden . . . and so forth. (What a jolly lot of names they are!) Also Goudhurst has always been described to me by both Men of Kent and Kentish Men—I hope I have put them in their order of precedence, but really I don't know the difference—as probably the prettiest village in the county. Also it offers a view over the Weald and the pleasant Isle of Oxney (which once was a real island) that is worth going a long way to see. Yet further it boasts a very notable and comfortable hostelry in the Olde Starre and Crowne,

## Petrol Vapour

BY W. G. ASTON

which was first licensed in 1600, affords the most excellent food and accommodation at a reasonable price, and is full of old oak beams and fine old furniture. This place itself (kept by gentlefolk, by the way) is alone worth a long journey. And that brings me to what I was really "ettling at." Motoring guide-books will have nothing to do with Goudhurst. Its romance and beauty are naught to them. They mention not its name. The principal Kentish guide-book dismisses it in three churchy lines. There is not a word about its singularly interesting history, its beautiful buildings, and its wonderful situation.

## And Again.

That is one instance, here is another. Hard by Goudhurst is what is left of a grand old Tudor castle, now, I understand, being reverently restored; but even as it stands as splendid an example of medieval brickwork as you could wish to see. I withhold its name, for it is private property. I just happened to spy its tower through the riotously golden trees, and a pudding-bag lane brought inquisitive me within reach of it. In spite of the fact that it is actually marked upon any decent map, I could find not the smallest reference to that glorious ruin in any guide-book I could lay hands upon—and they have quite a number at the Olde Starre and Crowne—and the truth is I would have given a lot to learn something of its romantic history, for that it has one admits of no doubt. However I don't let the shortcomings of guide-books worry me, particularly when I could explore the "hursts" and "dens" under such charming conditions. In the first place, in spite of the fact that the district abounds in irreproachable roads, it was as near deserted as anything can be in these days. We did about sixty miles on the Saturday morning and a little more than that on the Sunday and, blister my kidneys, if in the whole of that time we saw a score of cars! I would not have thought such a thing possible, but there it is. As if for my especial benefit Nature had donned a coat of many

(Continued on p. xxvii)



Truman Howell

AT THE 3RD BATTALION THE MONMOUTHSHIRE REGIMENT'S DINNER  
An interesting group taken at the West Gate, Newport, Monmouthshire, at the annual battalion dinner

The names are: Seated—Lieut.-Colonel H. C. R. Thompson, Lieut.-General Sir Cecil K. Romer (C-in-C. Western Command), Major-General Lord Treowen (Hon. Colonel of the Regiment), Lieut.-Colonel M. B. Pugh (Commanding Officer), Colonel the Hon. Algernon F. Stanley (late Commander Welsh Border Brigade and 2nd Life Guards, and a brother of Lord Derby), and Colonel C. S. Owen (Commander 159th Infantry Brigade). In rear—Captain Tresawnn, R.A.M.C., Lieut.-Colonel J. G. Bishop, Lieut.-Colonel Fawckner, Colonel W. R. Lenn, Colonel R. N. Dick (General Staff Western Command), and Captain A. L. Gough

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



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PUTTING we all know is largely a mental business. Looking back over the season's golf watched in many places and played by many varying degrees of players, the sad truth is forced upon one that the better golfer is not necessarily the better putter. Not in the matter of laying the long ones dead perhaps, for there the short handicap has a delicacy of touch



The Los Angeles golf course, where the National Women's Golf Championship was played: a view of the 18th green



Miss Glenna Collett (left), winner of the National Women's Golf Championship of America for the fifth time, with Miss Virginia Van Wie, the runner-up, and the Trophy. Miss Collett had a 6 and 5 victory

## EVE at GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME

### This Putting Business

the days of my youth, when breaks were made at lightning speed practically without stopping to take aim at all.

unknown to the longer. A knowledge of how contrary slopes cancel out each other, or the dominant one takes the ball away from the hole does come to the aid of the champion—the player who has fought her way through many a stout fight. But it is quite a different matter when it comes to holing out. "You know,"

said somebody to

me the other day as we watched champions missing the odd putts at Worplesdon, "the thing would be to bring out your cook, or your butler, or the nearest errand boy, and get them to do the holing out for you. Do not say anything to them, just give them a club and say, 'Hit the ball into the hole,' and you bet every one of them would do it every time at a yard's range. Here is every one of us judging distance, consulting about slopes, finding one from behind the hole, and another from the front of it, and then missing the hole when we do come to the final point."

All of which is horribly, reprehensibly true. It must appear positively ridiculous to anybody who has never tried to play golf themselves to see the way short putts are missed. But somehow it ought not to be so, and really it does seem as if the department of the game on the green is the one on which players must concentrate if we are to hold our own in the fight against foreign invasion.

In the varied lot of a golfing correspondent come many days when the golf watched is of distinctly mediocre quality. There are mornings when you search in vain for anybody hitting a drive in the centre of the club, delivering a crisp crack with an iron, finding the heart of the green with an approach, or putting a long putt dead. But those are just the days when you find putts smacking into the hole (there is no other word for it) with the utmost confidence and unconcern by long handicaps—bad players! The greater the skill the greater the fear it would seem, when only three feet more of turf separates you from the hole—in search of which you have come five hundred yards. Too much thought, that is the trouble. I am not advocating for a moment that every golfer should walk up and hit the ball into the hole practically at a run in the manner of those ten-minute croquet tournaments which used to be the fashion in

I am, in fact, quite sure that a good many putts are missed because, after looking at the ball and the hole, we do not, when we get back to the ball, pause for the fraction of a moment—just long enough to draw breath before striking it. But I am equally certain that we miss those short putts because we are thinking of a hundred things instead of making our mind a blank and being content to hit the ball straight and firmly, whether we are taking the club back flat to the ground, whether we are holding on too tight with our right hand or too slackly with our left, whether there is a borrow from the right or a fall from the left. In short, we are not concentrating but, thinking of a dozen things connected with holing the putt instead of being content just to hole it.

If only we could make ourselves believe there to be no difficulty the difficulty would cease to exist. But the truth is that we have all become terribly introspective over our golf, and that therefore putting, instead of progressing at the same rate as the rest of golf generally, is actually getting worse as the years go by. It is easy to find excuses for this in the greater resiliency of the ball.

There is no doubt about it that if a ball is made to travel farther than its predecessors it must be more lively and therefore more inclined to jump out of the hole if it touches anything but the exact centre. Even from that desirable target one may see the modern ball leap away.

We are not all such masters of the art that we can, like Bobby Jones, allow the putt to be a dying ball by the time it reaches the hole. But safety lies in much practice at short putts so that the holing of them becomes a commonplace.



Young hopes: Miss Dorothy Marshall, who plays top for Lincolnshire; Miss Audrey Holmes, semi-finalist in the English; and Miss Mary Lake, semi-finalist, with Miss Horrell, at Ranelagh

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*says Frances Hemming*



*Photo by Maurice Beck & Macgregor*

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muscles and gently moulds the whole face into the clear, sculptured lines of youth. Lastly, after your morning wash, sponge the muscles of the whole face with cold water and a dash of Braceine. You need never resort to operations or mechanical treatments if you follow my natural method of lifting the facial muscles

"If you possibly can, call at my Salons for a personal consultation with me or with one of my experts. You can obtain my Cyclax Preparations and my free book 'The Art of Being Lovely' at all good chemists, hairdressers and department stores."

*Frances Hemming*

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4/-, 7/6, 15/-, 28/-

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6/6

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3/6 per tablet, 9/6 box of three

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**Cyclax New Muscle Restorer**  
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# XMAS GIFTS

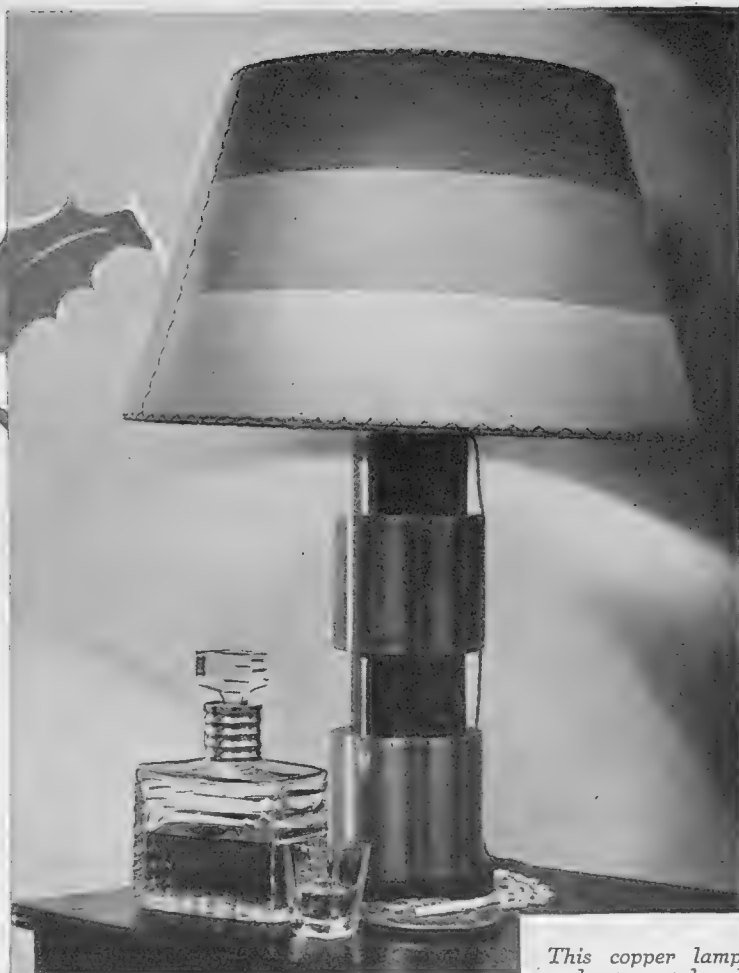
"I SUGGEST" by M.E. BROOKE

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

The great Christmas shopping campaign has begun, and Father Christmas has arrived in the great stores. In order to reach his Land of Enchantment a voyage has to be made in an aeroplane or submarine. There are the attendants all correctly attired, greeting the children and assuring them that just on the other side is the patriarchal figure in scarlet robes that everyone loves. Before he is visible there is a film to be seen, showing the many countries through which he has passed; he shakes them by the hand and wishes them the Merriest of Christmases and Happiest of New Years, and then

comes the greatest surprise of all—a present! Sometimes there is a Punch and Judy show, or it may be marionettes. The toys this season are more fascinating than ever; the mechanical and engineering ones have made great strides, and are endowed with considerable educative powers. Wherever one wanders there is the all-pervading spirit of peace and goodwill—it influences everyone. It is evident that men and women are taking more trouble, and are not buying their gifts in a haphazard way. It is with the sincere hope of enabling our readers to enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that their Christmas presents are suitable to each recipient that the following pages of seasonable suggestions have been compiled. Shops in London and other great cities are teeming with attractions; there are gifts to suit the taste of the exchequers of those of small means as well as those more richly dowered. To put the matter in a nutshell, there are things of regal magnificence and inexpensive trifles.

A doll seated on a box from the Galleries Lafayette, Regent Street, W. One has a crinoline skirt, and the other a back ground of ostrich feathers



This copper lamp and cut crystal and silver decanter and glass. They come from Don's, 75, Davies Street, where they are surrounded by a variety of unusual objets d'art



A decorated silken bridge case from Woolland's, Knightsbridge, S.W. And their "costume" jewellery is so novel and artistic that it really must be studied with care. There are brooches, ear-rings, bracelets, and, most important of all, necklaces

A bottle of Floris' (89, Jermyn Street) Red Rose perfume, which must be accompanied by bath salts and other accessories of the toilet endowed with the same elusive fragrance



Pictures by Blake



"I SUGGEST —"

# The Party Spirit

Bottles of Grant's blended whiskies, as the distilleries are in the Glenlivet district. They include "Stand Fast," "Best Procurable," and Liqueur. For Christmas gifts "Stand Fast" is packed in cases containing one, two, three, or six bottles

As men are always conservative, a present that is sure to give the utmost satisfaction is King George IV old Scotch whisky, produced in Scotland. As will be noticed, the cases in which the bottles are sold are very decorative and Christmassy



Dunville's fine old Irish whisky, on account of its distinctive method of distillation and blending, and its years of mellowing in old sherry casks. Some of these casks have done yeoman service for more than a century



A flagon of Dewar's "White Label" whisky, as the flagons make excellent decanters which can be filled from time to time. They are of Doulton ware and each one is decorated with some quaint traditional figure in colours and relief



A case of Mackinlay's M.L. whisky, as every drop is twelve years old with a true and mellow Highland flavour about it. There is also V.O.B.; naturally it is not quite so old but almost as good





3189. Emerald and  
Diamonds.  
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These Rings are  
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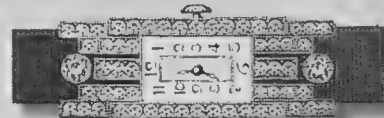
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Player's Cigarettes, as they always please. There is the blue, flat pocket tin of fifty. Furthermore, there is the cork-tipped bachelor cigarettes as well as the No. 3 Virginia. For pipe smokers Players provide a variety of excellent brands, among them being the Medium Navy Cut tobacco

Abdulla cigarettes, there are blue leather, gold, and other cabinets of these. The cigarettes may be mixed, or all Turkish, or all Virginia. The prices range from 6s. to 4 guineas



A lounge or cocktail suit from Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, W. This veritable triumph is expressed in satin and is available in a variety of colour schemes.



Carreras cigarettes. There is a new brand, Piccadilly No. 1 Virginia cigarettes; they are "oversize" and "de luxe" in quality and can be obtained in flat fifty boxes, also one hundred boxes. Craven "A" are still going strong, in addition to the metal boxes they are available in velour ones

"I SUGGEST—"  
*Favourite Cigarettes*



A box of W. D. & H. O. Wills' Three Castle cigarettes, as no sweeter tobacco comes from Virginia than that used in this brand



Model, Swan & Edgar

*All for Beauty*



*The subtlest gift of all*  
*A tribute to beauty*

So long as human nature remains the same—the pleasing gift will always be the gift that flatters beauty. Here are some new and gracious secrets for the handbag and the dressing table—enshrined in gem-like cases—in gleaming glass. Powder and colour for cheeks and lips. Elegant grooming for shell-pink nails. Perfume to spray over newly-dressed curls. Give her but the least of these for Christmas—and what a glance you will awake!

Manicure Set 12/6: Single Vanity Case 6/6: Double Vanity Case 10/6: Double Vanity Case and lipstick 12/6: Triple Vanity Case 21/-: Harriet Hubbard Ayer Jasmin Perfume in crystal bottle 27/-: Face Powder de Luxe in French glass bowl 25/-. These, and other lovely gifts from all good Department Stores, Chemists, and Hairdressers. Write to Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Ltd., 130 Regent Street, London, W.1, for our free Booklet 'All for Beauty' which tells you all about the Harriet Hubbard Ayer Beauty Preparations.

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A case of Gordon's Shaker Cocktails. There are many kinds, all just right for the Yuletide festivities. Remember that no one really likes a "home brewed" cocktail, as the strength is always a debatable matter

A bottle of Cognac Adet, as it is shipped from Cognac under the "Acquit jaune d'or," which is the French Government's guarantee that it is absolutely pure cognac



The very spirit of Christmas is present in Sanderson's Vat 69 old Scotch whisky. The old-fashioned bottle is decorated with a silk ribbon and wax seal. It is packed in wooden cases containing three, six, and twelve bottles. The motto of the firm is "Quality tells"

Biscuit Dubouche, as it is a grande fine champagne cognac. The warmth of the hands releases its perfume—delicate, complex, mature. Then it must be drunk slowly, sip by sip. The grapes from which it is made were ripened in Charentes years upon years ago

Pictures by Blake



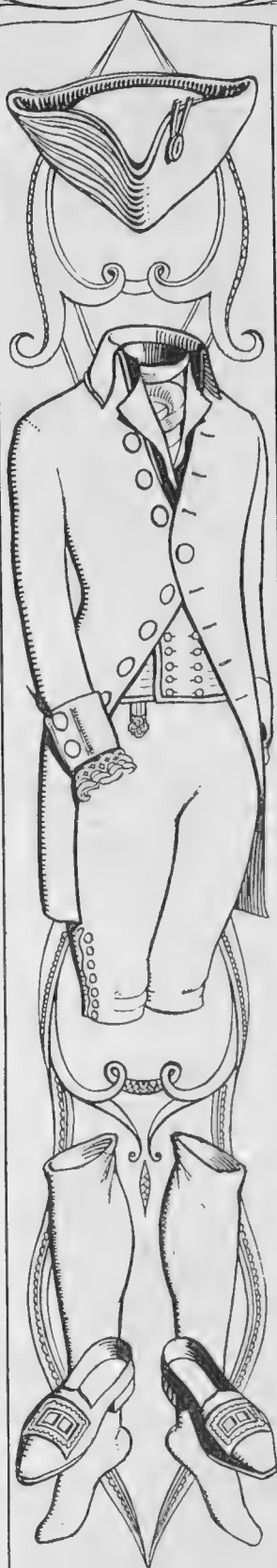
De Reszke Virginias. They are sold in white and green and gold tins, packed and sealed in stout cardboard containers ready for posting. All that it is necessary to do is to write the name and address in the space provided. There is space to write the name of the sender



A "Prince" Rolex watch. It is not only a fashioning of silver and gold, but a movement which has passed the most severe Observatory tests for consistent accuracy



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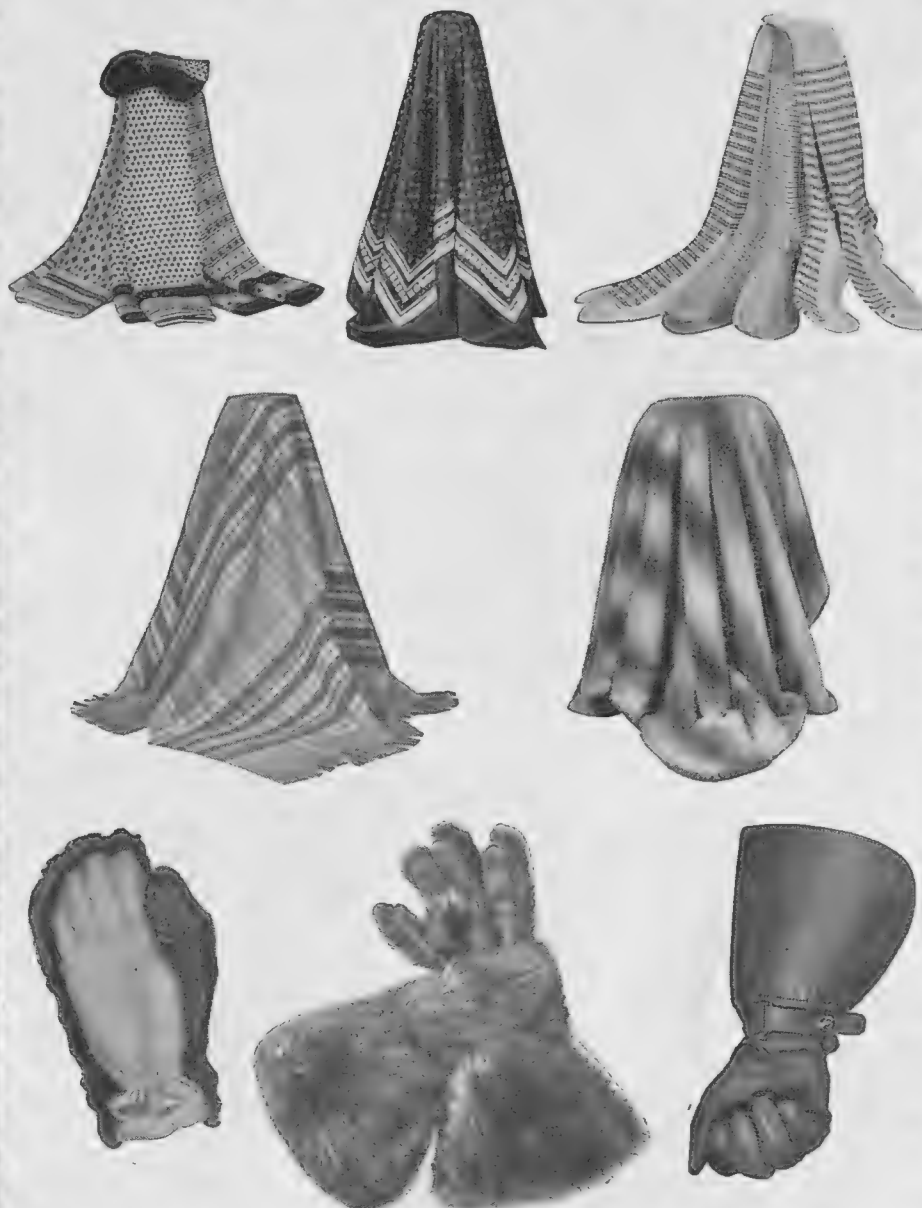


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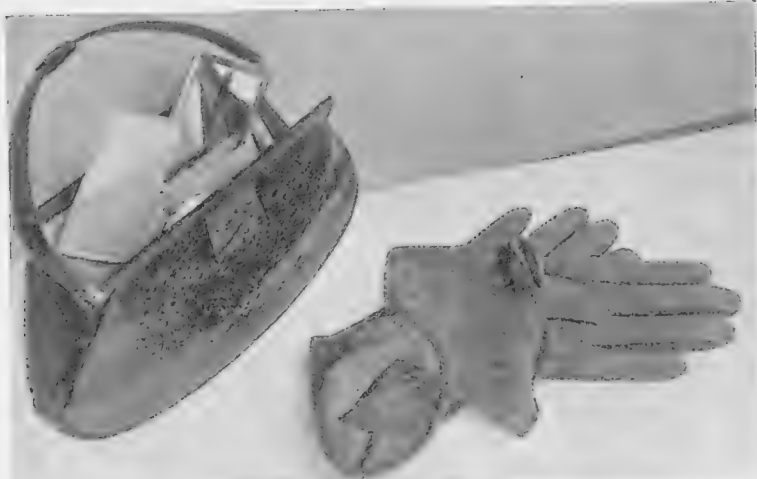
Plymouth  
Weymouth  
Southsea  
Chatham  
Malta



# "Gifts for HER"

## "I SUGGEST—"

A bag from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, particularly the frogskin model pictured, and a pair or two of warm gloves, either plain or trimmed with fur



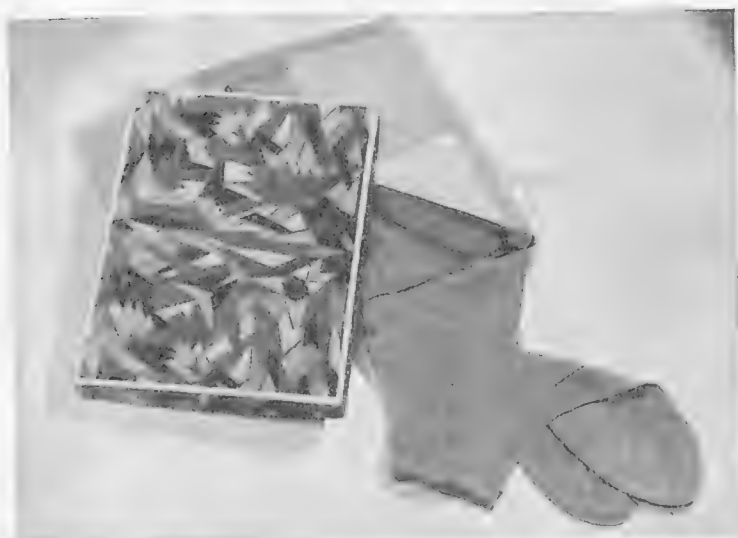
Something from Liberty's, Regent Street, W. An ideal substitute for a Christmas card is the handkerchief folded to suggest a butterfly in a pretty envelope. There are necklaces of every kind including those of pearls and stones, some with pendants and some without; they are noteworthy on account of their artistic merits. The scarf and bag pictured on the left likewise come from this firm



That a visit be paid to Madame Barri's, 33, New Bond Street, W., as she has a unique Parisian collection of costume jewellery, the vogue for which becomes every day more pronounced. There are lovely sets that suggest blonde and dark tortoiseshell, and then there are others in which crystal and coloured stones are seen in happy unison



A pair or two of Jackdaw stockings, as they are available in all the fashionable shades, and are so woven that they have a slimming effect, not only on the ankles, but on the legs in general. Another strong point in their favour is that they wear extremely well; they must be washed in accordance with instructions that accompany every pair



Pictures by Blake

Gooch's Christmas catalogue being carefully studied, as the requirements of the inhabitants of the nursery have received the greatest consideration. Furthermore there is a unique collection of costume jewellery at prices which cannot fail to please those who have to consider pounds, shillings, and pence carefully; furthermore there is a host of possibilities to explore in the domain of bags



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*Of all Chemists,  
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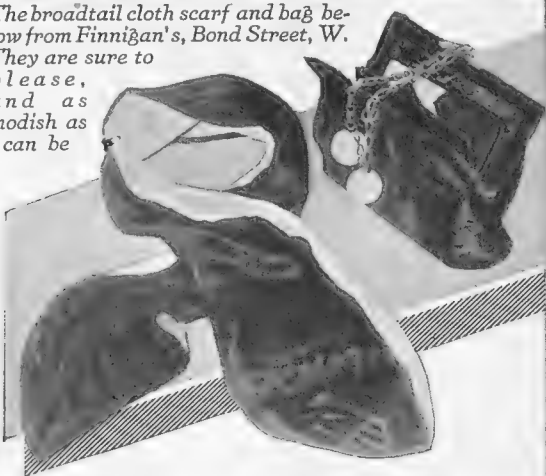




# "I SUGGEST—" "XMAS FASHIONS"



The broadtail cloth scarf and bag below from Finnigan's, Bond Street, W. They are sure to please, and as modish as can be



That this lovely ermine scarf and wrap on the left be given to a debutante or a bride. The skins are picked ones and perfectly worked. This set owes its origin to the well-known furriers, Revillon Frères, Regent Street, W.

A hat from Henry Heath, 109, Oxford Street, W. There are chefs-d'œuvre like the one pictured above representing fashion's latest commands, as well as simple affairs for sports and country wear



An effective wrap stole like the one above from Bradley's, Chepstow Place. It is of the finest moleskin, with muff to match. It is destined for afternoon or bridge wear

The becoming fur coat on the right from the National Fur Store, 193, Brompton Road, S.W. It is an artistic study in black and white, and has a slimming effect on the figure

This wool jumper on the left for the skating enthusiast; it is available in a variety of colour schemes. It may be seen at Fenwicks, 62-63, New Bond Street



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● JEAN COCTEAU



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## I SUGGEST—

That as there is nothing more flattering than fur, animal stoles should be given to intimate friends. South American skunk makes the one pictured on the left; it comes from the salons of the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard

The handsome model (on the right) of platinum fox, one of the most modish of furs. Percy Vickery, 235, Regent Street, W., is responsible for the same. It is accompanied by silver fox stoles and coats, not overlooking those of broadtail and mink



This jumper and cardigan (below) which are soft, warm, and light, and are made of slightly brushed Botany wool. An important feature of the former is the high neck and buttons. They owe their origin to Lillywhites, Piccadilly



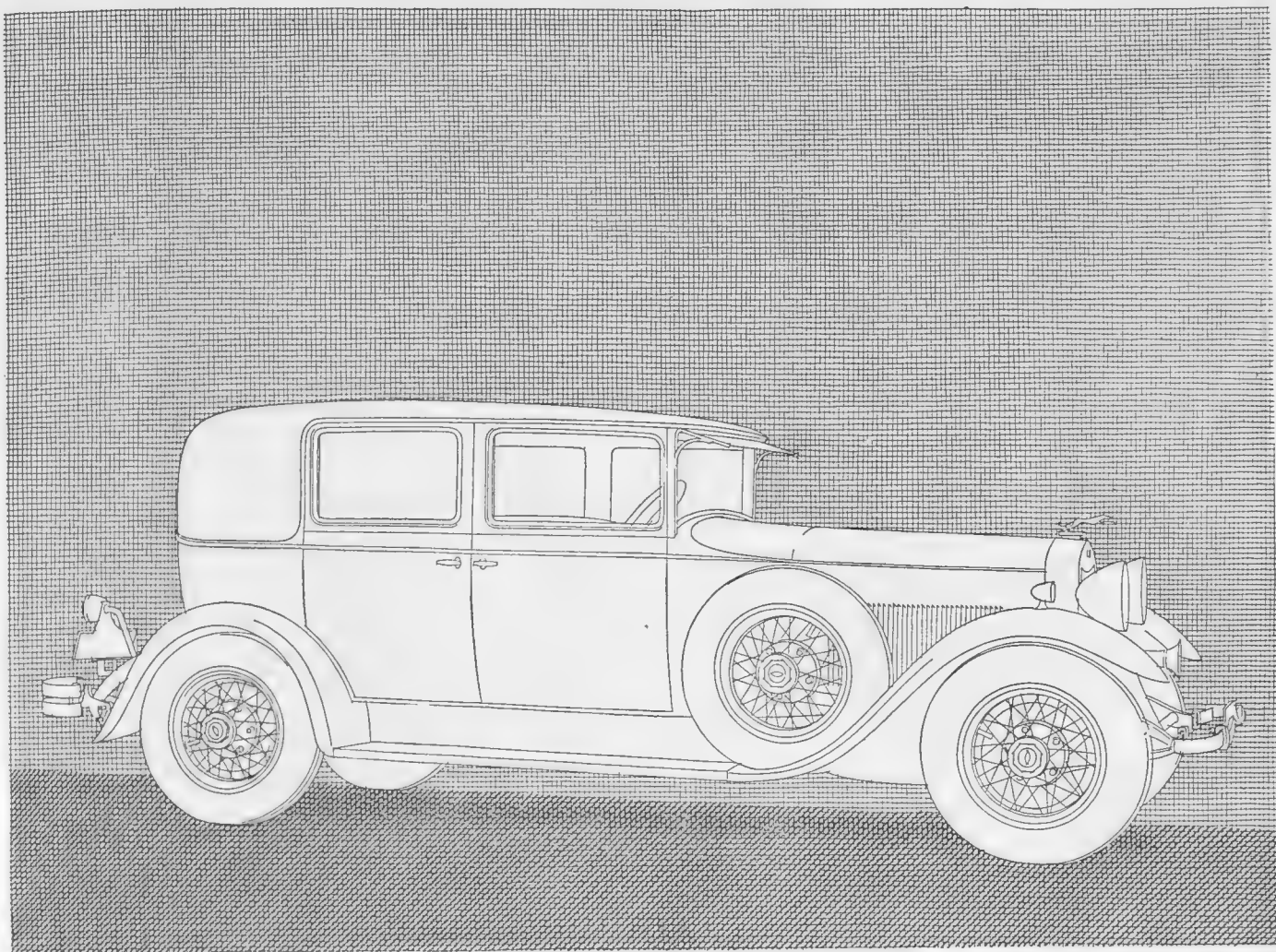
That this suede coat should be given to a golf enthusiast. It comes from Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street, W.; it is outlined with ribbed wool and is reinforced with a zyp fastener



A Motoluxe coat; it is made from pure alpaca, and has a very soft pile. It is as appropriate for travelling as for sports' wear. It may or may not be accompanied by a rug of the same family



Pictures by Blake



THE LINCOLN TOWN SALOON. THE IDEAL OWNER-DRIVERS' CAR

## . . . PEOPLE WOULD THINK WE WERE EXAGGERATING

*If we told the full truth about the Lincoln motor car, people who had not studied the car and did not know its history and were not familiar with its achievements would think we were exaggerating. If we told you how the materials are chosen for a Lincoln car, if we described the extreme limits of precision to which it is created, if we stated frankly what the Lincoln will do you would—without a personal introduction to the car—consider that we were saying things too good to be true. Therefore, we invite you for*

*your own convincing pleasure to take the time to find out how such a car as this has come about.*

*If you are interested in modern scientific precision, if you are an admirer of the true spirit of craftsmanship, if you believe with us that only the best is good enough, call in and let us reveal the greatness of the Lincoln to you. Understand why it is that authorities throughout the world have termed the Lincoln "As fine a motor car as it is possible to produce." Ford Motor Company Ltd., Lincoln Car Dept., 88 Regent St., London, W.1.*

# THE LINCOLN



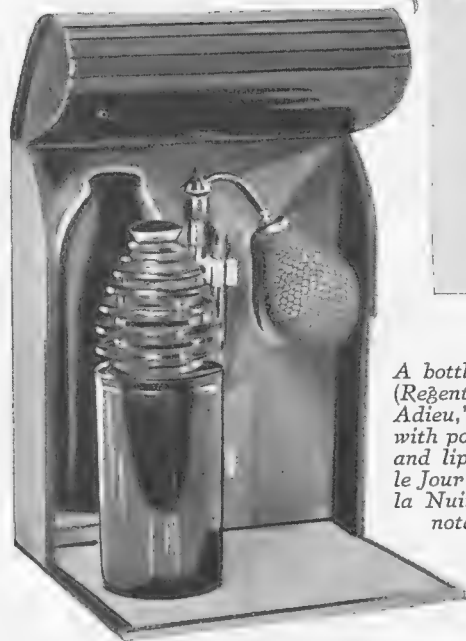
# "I SUGGEST—" "SUBTLE PERFUMES"

A Houbigant gift set of "Fleur Bienaimée," or Quelques Fleurs, or a handsome bottle of either of these perfumes; the former is the latest of Houbigant's perfumes

Pourpre d'Orient perfume created by that well-known firm of Parisian perfumers, Roger & Gallet. Its fragrance is impossible to do justice to in words. The bottles are handsome and decorative. Naturally, soap and powder in the same series must be included



A bottle of 4711 Eau de Cologne and its attendants, no matter whether the gift be for a man or woman. It is sold practically everywhere in containers decorated with the well-known blue and gold labels bearing the numerals 4711



A bottle of Worth's (Regent Street, "Sans Adieu," together with powder compact and lipstick. "Vers le Jour" and "Dans la Nuit" are other notable scents



A Coty perfumed manicure set like the one pictured; it is provided with removable fitted trays. A cut crystal Flacon l'Aimant and a coffret containing gilt compact, lip rouge, and a novel hand-bag perfume container



A bottle of Farina Red Crest Eau de Cologne. It is the famous product which has been supplied to every royal court in Europe for over 200 years



Pictures by Blake

Summit Woven Lustre Shirts, with  
two collars to match 10/6-18/6

Hanging Tie Case in best  
quality pigskin. Folds  
up for travelling 25/-  
Ties from 2/6-6/6

Pyjamas Case in radio  
pattern leather, zipper  
fastener 15/6

Hairbrush, Comb and  
Mirror in travelling  
case of brown willow  
calf 18/6

Tan Cape Gloves, lined  
chamois 10/6  
Tan Cape Gloves, lined  
lamb's wool 16/6

Silk Ties and Handkerchiefs  
to match in box 10/6

Black lacquer Cigar-  
ette Case with silver  
design 27/6

Crystal Links in  
various colours,  
in case 12/6

Two Pearl Studs,  
in case 23/6

Pigskin bill fold, 8/6

Willow calf To-  
bacco Pouch, zip-  
per fastener, 12/6  
A.R. pipe 7/6

Braces in many styles, 2/6-12/6

Black fine seal bill  
fold. New design.  
Silver gilt corners  
21/-

## Christmas Presents for Men

at

# AUSTIN REED'S

103-113 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Lightweight brocade  
Dressing Gown, 30/-  
Basket check Slip-  
pers 12/6

Leather Golfjac, Zip-  
per fastener 63/-

Brocade silk dress-  
ing Gowns in mag-  
nificent colours  
63/- & 84/-





## "I Suggest—"

A clock from J. C. Vickery's, Regent Street, as it will convey the hint of the importance of punctuality. Equally desirable is the shagreen desk set, or for a woman, the well-fitted vanity case



## "UTILITY GIFTS"

A Swan desk-set which has been evolved to meet the need of a separate pen for the desk. There are the simple ones with green or white onyx base, the more elaborate being reinforced with artistic bronze statuettes



A vellum blotter with antique floral design from Walter Jones, Sloane Street, S.W., as it will be a constant reminder of the donor. There is an infinite variety of equally useful gifts in these salons, among them being the letter files, address books, etc.



The Sheaffer six-piece ensemble pictured; it consists of black balance Lifetime combination pen and pencil, golf pencil, desk stand, and skrip container. The three-piece ensemble has a pen and pencil, also a golf pencil, and then there is the jet glass desk-stand with pen

The unusual gift of Ford's blotting paper, which is made in twenty-one colours, together with paper and desk-stand. They may be seen in Ford's new show-rooms, 72, Piccadilly, W., next door to the Berkeley and opposite the Ritz. There are blotters to match

A true-to-life animal like the one pictured; it comes from Fortnum and Mason's, Piccadilly. This establishment is a veritable Mecca for all in quest of unusual and original gifts. There are Christmas hampers, crackers, foods, and every kind of confectionery bottled and tinned fruits



Pictures by Elake



## The Soap for a Tender Skin

Many of the most beautiful children in England owe the preservation of their baby complexions to the use of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Their mothers started them when they were one day old; and that wonderful delicate baby skin has never lost its first freshness.

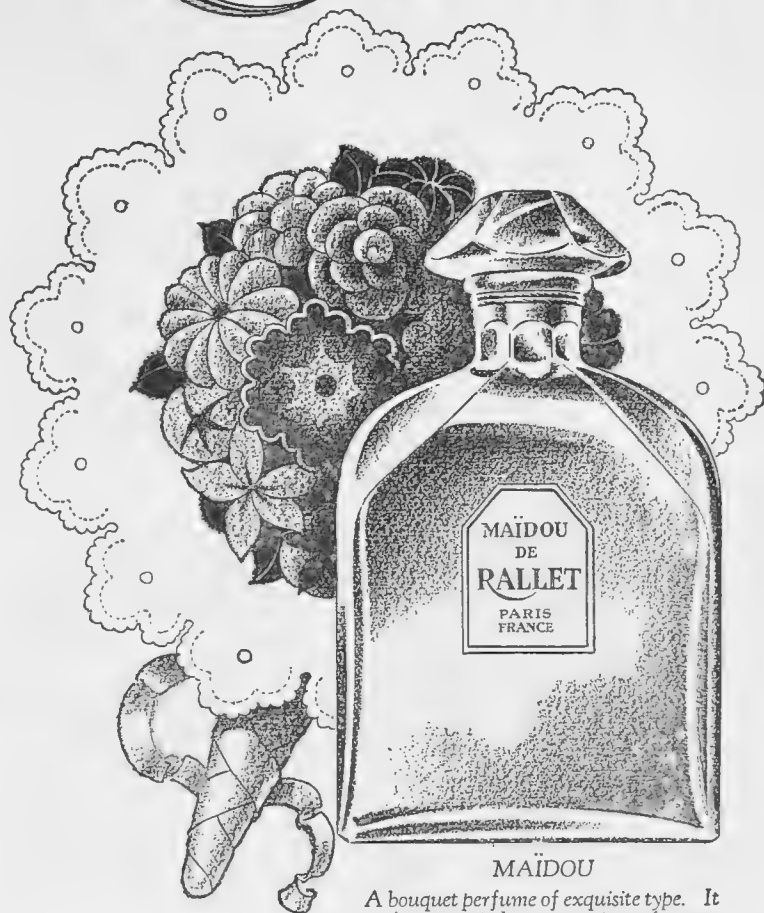


What has served one-day babies so well, will do no less for the grown up skin, be it ever so tender and shy of soap.

# WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

6d. per tablet.

## Parfums RALLET



MAÏDOU  
A bouquet perfume of exquisite type. It strikes an entirely new note in perfumery.

## Masterpieces of the Perfumers Art

These delightful perfumes — created by a young Frenchman during the early part of the 19th century — were acclaimed favourites by many of the reigning Queens of Europe at that time.

Now, for the first time, these exquisite fragrances are obtainable in England, and they conform exactly to the original recipe as discovered by Rallet. Their delicate freshness will delight the modern Englishwoman, who prefers her perfumes to be of a light and dainty character.

Other Creations, Gardenia, No. 1 and No. 3.

BY APPOINTMENT



ROUMANIA



MONTENEGRO



PERSIA



SERBIA



IMPERIAL RUSSIA

Parfums Rallet are obtainable at all the Smarter Shops.  
LONDON ..... PARIS ..... NEW YORK



"I SUGGEST—"

A three-bottle case of Crawford's "Three Star" special reserve whisky. The bottles are provided with the new vacuum taps; the advantages of this are self-evident. It is a whisky that makes all and sundry accept "just another drink"



"SAY WHEN"



Charles Heidsieck's champagne, as Christmas would be a poor affair indeed unless there were many bottles of it in the wine cellar. It is renowned all the world over

Several bottles of "Canadian Club" whisky, as it is an important ingredient and forms the base of "Manhattan Millionaire" cocktails. Walker's well-known Bourbon and American Rye Whiskies are on sale in Europe

Antiquary whisky, as it is mellow with a delightful punch; it has an age that must be discussed with reverence. Its distillers are J. W. Hardie of Edinburgh



Martell's Cordon Bleu liqueur brandy. It is not sold by vintage years, the growers preferring to select the finest cognacs and to leave them to mature in casks for thirty-five years—an excellent idea



Cointreau, owing to its delicate orange flavour and lack of excessive sweetness it is always welcome. It is made by the old-established world-famous firm of Cointreau of Angers



Pictures by Blake



## EVENING WEAR



After all, Evening Dress, calls for an unusual standard of exactitude. And when you consider that you can obtain an immaculate Dinner Suit or "Tails" from the Famous House for Ready-to-Wear within minutes, it emphasises the completeness of a unique service.

The ease and celerity with which one can be fitted with Town, Country or Sporting Wear at Moss Bros. at a minimum of expenditure is known the world over wherever men talk of Kit.

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3341 (6 lines)  
Wires: "Parsee, Rand, London"

**MOSS BROS** & Co  
LTD  
NAVAL, MILITARY, R.A.F & GENERAL OUTFITTERS  
*of Covent Garden*  
(CORNER OF KING ST. & BEDFORD ST.) LONDON. W.C.2.



# "I SUGGEST—"

## "EAT DRINK & BE MERRY"

Kunzle's dessert chocolates; they are 5s. a pound and are perfectly delicious. A visit must certainly be paid to their establishment at 101, Regent Street

Huntley and Palmer's "Fairy House" Christmas cake and tins of assorted chocolates and shortbread, and if money permits a tin of plain shortbread

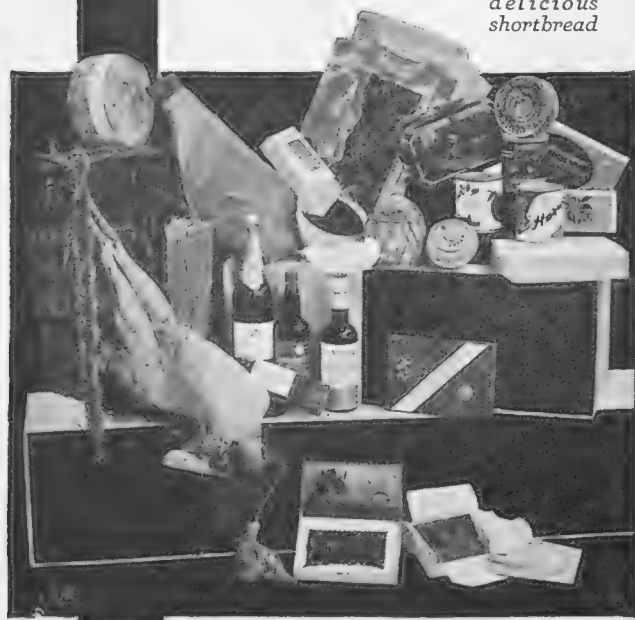


"Fragrance" and "Blue England"; they are tins filled with Carr's chocolate biscuits, while the "Leven" and "Bruce" tins contain delicious shortbread



The Doctor's China tea, as not only is it harmless to the dyspeptic but it is delicious and actually health-giving. All trace of excess tannin has been eliminated

Rowntree's chocolates, as this York firm realizes that good chocolates deserve good boxes; the latter are colourful and up to date, and the former are of the very best quality



A Christmas hamper from Harrods', Knightsbridge, S.W. The one pictured will appeal to all who are generous; it is £8 8s. There are others for the modest sum of half-a-guinea



Pictures by Blake



Ski-ing suit. Blouse and trouser. In navy, black and bottle green gabardine. Zipper pocket in blouse—8gns  
Angora berets in all bright colours—17/6

# Fortnum & Mason

182 PICCADILLY W1, Regent 0040

# W O R T H

"SANS ADIEU"  
MEMORIES LINGER IN THIS  
SUBTLE PERFUME



POWDER COMPACT



LIPSTICK



"VERS LE JOUR"  
A SCENTED MIST FROM AN  
ENCHANTING ATOMISER



"DANS LA NUIT"  
A PROVOCATIVE PERFUME  
IN AN ENTICING FLACON



7, RUE DE LA PAIX. PARIS

LONDON: 221 Regent Street and 3 Hanover Square

BIARRITZ: Au Carlton

CANNES: Sur la Croisette

Wholesale Distributing Agents:  
DEBACQ & HARROP 68, Newman Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1





Castillon brandy, as it is brandy at its very best. Feel on the tongue the clean, full flavour which is the heritage of cognac distilled and matured in the Cognac district

A three- or four-bottle case of White Horse whisky. Each bottle is packed in a novel container decorated with the White Horse sampler design. It is a really admirable old Scotch whisky of great age and quality

Booth's dry gin on account of its aroma and peculiar softness. It gained the First Award in the International Cocktail Competition when used as a base for a cocktail



"I SUGGEST—"  
"ANOTHER  
LITTLE  
DRINK!"

A case of Buchanan's "Black and White" whisky, as the spirit of Christmas is embodied in it; also the Liqueur Scotch whisky. They are all world renowned for age and quality



Bols' liqueurs. The question is, which shall it be? There is cherry brandy, white curacao, orange curacao, also kummel, creme de menthe, and a host of others. An excellent ingredient for a cocktail is very old Geneva in stone cruchons

Johnnie Walker whisky, the giving of which entails only an order to the wine merchant. The cases are seasonably decorated, containing two, three, six, or twelve bottles of this excellent whisky





DO NOT MISS THE OPPORTUNITY OF VISITING SUNNY SPAIN THIS WINTER . . . THE LAND OF ROMANCE, ART AND HEALTH RESORTS. YOU WILL NEVER FORGET IT IF YOU DO, AND YOU WOULD NEVER FORGIVE YOURSELF IF YOU KNEW WHAT YOU WERE MISSING. MODERN ACCOMMODATION SUITED TO EVERY BUDGET.

For all information and literature apply to the Spanish National Tourist Board Offices at **Paris**, 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; **New York**, 695, Fifth Avenue; **Roma**, 9, Via Condotti; **Munich**, 6, Residenzstrasse; **Buenos Aires**, Veinticinco de Mayo, 158; **Gibraltar**, 63-67, Main Street. At **London**, and other cities, apply to Thos. Cook & Son's and Wagons-Lits Agencies.





A Lalique glass; Lalique has given glass innumerable and original forms. There are exquisite vases, statuettes, cigarette-boxes, and jewellery of gem-like brilliance. They may be seen at Breves' Galleries, Basil Street, Sloane Street

"I SUGGEST—"  
"WELCOME GIFTS"



A crocodile travelling jewel case and a clothes brush at Debenham and Freebody's Luggage Department, 40, Wigmore Street, W.



Kayser stockings, as they are smooth fitting from knee to instep and act as a diminishing-glass to the ankles. They are available in nearly half a hundred shades if not more

A crocodile fitted case; the model pictured has engine-turned ribbon glass jars, the same pattern being repeated on the covers. It comes from the salons of Debenham and Freebody

Something from Harvey and Nichols, Knightsbridge. There are bags of every kind in colours to harmonise with every frock and wrap, and there is the lovely "costume" jewellery. A pyjama ensemble or decorative georgette night-dress is another thing that is sure of an enthusiastic welcome

A gift case from the House of Yardley; especially should it contain crystal bottles filled with Jessamine O'Devon, April Violets, and Lavender perfumes. There are other cases with bottles of Lavender and Eau de Cologne



A set of table mats from Coulson and Sons, 105, New Bond Street, W. Those pictured have "matted" centres surrounded with hand-made Italian filet. And of course there are handkerchiefs of every kind, for men, as well as women, at prices which are exceptionally moderate



Pictures by Blake



## For Hospitality and Health..

In each glass of this fine Brandy lies the soul of hospitality. Here is a worthy Cognac, distilled and matured in the Cognac district, the birthplace of true Brandy.

Castillon has an elegance of bouquet and distinction of flavour which hands a subtle compliment to those to whom you offer it.

In an emergency, its rare medicinal value makes Castillon a friend to be relied on. Make this your guiding rule, "Castillon for hospitality and health."

Castillon is obtainable from wine and spirit merchants or the principal stores in whole and half bottles or handy pocket flasks. Should you experience any difficulty in obtaining supplies please write to us, The London Agents, 85 Turnmill Street, E.C.1

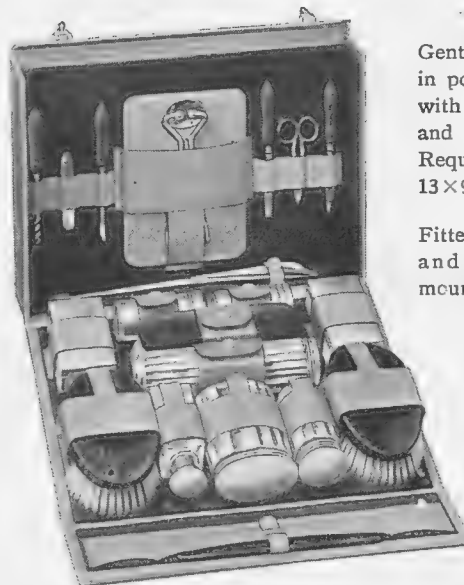
**CASTILLON**  
COGNAC  
BRANDY  
AT  
ITS VERY  
BEST



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HIS MAJESTY  
KING GEORGE V.

## Men's Travel Cases

Gentleman's Attaché Dressing Case, covered cow-hide, lined suède, fitted with ebony brushes and nickel-plated Toilet Requisites. Size closed,  $10\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2} \times 3$  ins. £4.17.6



Gentleman's Attaché Case in polished pigskin, fitted with cochineal brushes and nickel-plated Toilet Requisites. Size closed,  $13 \times 9\frac{1}{2} \times 3$  ins. £11.10.0

Fitted with Ivory brushes and Sterling Silver mounted Requisites. £19.15.0

A copy of our new illustrated Catalogue of Dressing Cases for Ladies and Gentlemen will be sent upon application.

**The  
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS  
COMPANY LTD**

**112 Regent Street 112  
London, W.1**

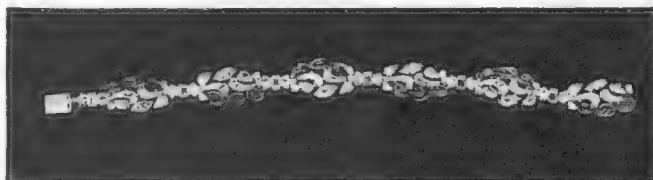
NO BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS



## GEMS OF GREAT BEAUTY IN ARTISTIC SETTINGS

## The Fascination of Ciro Pearls.

Women to-day are true artists in the selection of their jewellery; they choose their pendants, brooches, bracelets and necklets to suit their individuality and harmonize with their dresses. They consider the settings but care not for an ornament because it is of great price. They appreciate the fact that Ciro Pearls, whose G.H.Q. is 178, Regent Street, W., has produced a pearl that is indistinguishable in colour, lustre, and weight from Nature's handiwork. The orient of the Ciro pearl is wonderful. It is for this reason that lovers of beautiful gems like to take a necklace of these pearls and study each gem; they are all different and possess a curious fascination that in the past was the prerogative of the pearl that came from the shell of the oyster. A slight idea of the artistic merits of the settings may be gleaned from the brochure which will be sent gratis and post free, but the loveliness of the gems must be seen to be appreciated. The prices will come as a pleasant surprise as they are remarkably moderate.



Perfect specimens of the Ciro pearls and stones are present in these ornaments; although of great beauty they cost little. Ciro Pearls will send a Ciro necklet or jewel on receipt of cost. If after a fortnight the choice is found to be unsuitable they will exchange it

## The Pigeon's Blood Glow of the Ruby.

It is not only in pearls that Ciro has sought the aid of science, but in stones as well, not overlooking the ruby. In it there is the incom-

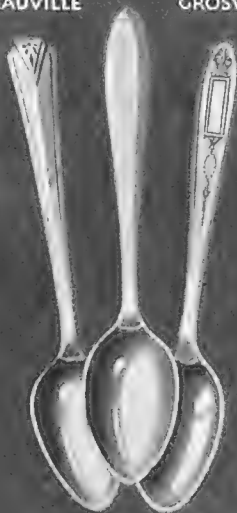
parable pigeon's blood glow, in the sapphire the translucent cornflower blue, in the emerald the mysterious green. Furthermore a new note has been struck in the settings, and that is a "matt" finish; naturally there is no platinum about it.



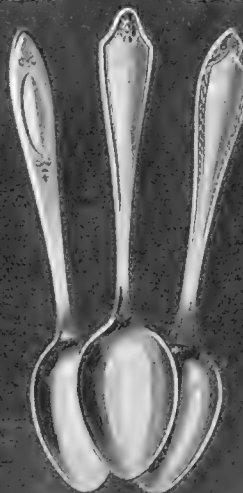
This necklet is composed of Ciro Pearls; they have been as carefully chosen as though they were Nature's product. The G.H.Q. of these pearls is 178, Regent Street, W.

## COMMUNITY PLATE

PATRICIAN  
DEAUVILLE GROSVENOR



HEPPLEWHITE  
ADAM SHERATON



If it's a question of Christmas Presents, then Community is the answer. Community Plate offers a wide choice of lovely silverware in period and modern designs, gift sets from 3/6d, or a magnificent presentation table canteen made specially to your requirements.

Examples of  
Community Prices:

Set of six teaspoons 10/6  
" " dessert spoons 19/-  
" " table spoons 22/6  
Canteens from 8 gns.

Each piece of Community is overlaid with pure silver at the wearing parts and guaranteed for 50 years.

At all leading  
silversmiths.

Write for our beautifully illustrated free folder  
"HINTS FOR THE MODERN HOSTESS"

BY ELIZABETH CRAIG.

Address your request to:-  
THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN

British Oneida Community Ltd., Walkley Lane, Sheffield.

# GOOD WHISKY THAT ENSURES GOODWILL



## Mackinlay's SCOTCH WHISKIES

Both M.L. and V.O.B. are obtainable in 3, 6 or 12 bottle cases.

**CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO.,**  
Distillers, LEITH; and at Trafalgar  
House, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.



Photo by Foulsham & Banfield

### MISS EVELYN LAYE

who is playing the lead in "Bitter Sweet" at His Majesty's Theatre, writes:

"I SHOULD find it quite exhausting at times to enact the moods and experiences of imaginary characters if it was not for the invigorating help Phosferine is to me. After even the most sustained performances, or the longest rehearsals, a dose or two of Phosferine banishes all the jaded and fatigued condition, and I feel as fresh and brisk as I could desire. I play tennis and golf quite a lot, and I am sure I am able to enjoy them so much and can give the time to my recreations because Phosferine seems to really rest the system and ensures the extra nerve energy and strength to get the best out of work and pastime."

*From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.*

## PHOSFERINE

The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

Also take PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT  
the Tonic Fruit Saline—*It tones as it cleanses!*  
Price 1/6—double quantity 2/6.

Aldwych



## Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 404

be sprayed on to the patient without his (or her) knowing it. Something sudden of course is needed. Think of the jolly picture! Enter Income-Tax man: "Pay up or Pentonville!" (a little bulb is pressed, there is a faint hissing noise, same as barbers make when they put "a little something on the 'air, sir?" and the dirty, treacherous, torturing hound is in terrible paroxysms and will remain in them for the rest of his unnatural and mis-spent life). How it would score off him! And what an ass he would look. Also picture what we could do to the Right Hon. Mr.—I won't say who. The other day, when I was standing about on a horse in a wood, being bitten by gnats, some one suggested that someone else should do him in with a humane-killer. All I said was, "Why humane?" But if we could get this perpetual cold-in-the-head stuff it would be far worse than any death, even that one in which they peel a few inches off you per day and then tie you up head-downwards on one of those tripods upon which grain is weighed. This sort of thing is not done in England, even though many persons who could be named fully deserve it; but about this perpetual cold-in-the-head serum, I think something really useful could be arranged.

\* \* \*

Major Van der Byl is still plugging along steadily, and I am glad to hear successfully with his anti-trapping of wild animals crusade, and has now turned his attention to what happens where the trapping of rabbits is concerned. He sends me the following letter which I am very glad to publish



Truman Howell

### THE MONMOUTHSHIRE HOCKEY TEAM

The side which defeated the Bacchanalians by 3 goals to love in the recent match at Abergavenny. The names, from left to right, are: Seated—W. E. Jones, W. Denny, M. L. Thomas (captain), A. Cutter (Welsh International), and J. M. Smith; in rear—W. Watson, H. Sharpe (Welsh International), F. N. Tanner, G. M. Parry, E. O. Jones, and A. E. Jones

because I think attention should be directed to the very unpleasant facts. Here it is:

In the course of my anti-trapping campaign I am frequently asked if I can do anything about the rabbit-trapping in Devon, Somerset, and Cornwall. A lady writes to me from there, saying, "I saw along a bank a number of what appeared to be three-legged rabbits. On approaching I saw that each had its fore-foot severed by a steel trap and was held merely by the sinews. On coming closer they struggled into holes; and as I continued my walk I became aware of terrified eyes following me everywhere as I proceeded." The rabbit-trapping in these counties is a regular industry and many farmers pay their rent from the money obtained from letting their ground to trappers. Do you know that thousands of rabbits are tortured daily in gins and sent principally to Leeds and Manchester for food? I am informed that some trappers won't use a humane trap which kills, as they want to take the rabbits alive so that they can be killed and gutted whilst warm, and I can see their point of view. Now these rabbits could just as easily be caught either with the humane snare, which has a knot in it 5½ in. from the loop so as to prevent the noose drawing tight (and which, incidentally, allows other animals accidentally caught to escape), or with the new Collington netting device. Particulars of both of these are obtainable from the Anti-Steel-toothed Trap Committee, 36, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. It is indeed high time that steel traps which do not kill instantly and also snares other than the humane type were abolished by law. In the meantime I appeal to people, when buying rabbits for food, to refuse those which have injured legs from traps or swollen heads and bulging eyes from snares. I am sending out leaflets explaining this and also what furs may be worn without undue cruelty. I should be grateful if your readers would help me to distribute these as I am badly handicapped by lack of funds. I also hope that other papers will copy this letter.

# POPE & BRADLEY

## METHOD

'THE most progressive House in the trade.' Such is our reputation; and it is one we have merited.

APPLIED to a theatrical producer, an inventor—or a motor salesman, 'progressive' is a term of high praise, but when applied to a tailor, it is apt to be regarded with suspicion, suggesting methods so modern that the clothes themselves may be somewhat out of the ordinary—possibly incorrect, and even *outré*.

WHILE our methods are modern, and individual, and the firm as a whole intensely alive, at the same time, we are careful to preserve all that is best of the old traditions, and the cut of our clothes is conservative enough to coincide with the accepted standards of good taste. That is to

say, a man may be confident of feeling absolutely 'safe' in regard to our style, yet it will be recognised all over the world where good clothes are known.

CHANGES in men's fashions are but slight; they vary from season to season only in slight degrees, such as an eighth of an inch or so in the depth of the collar; a slightly rounded, instead of a straight lapel; a half-inch on the length of the trousers. We are, of course, alive to all these subtle changes, for many of them originate from us.

WHILE we are sometimes criticised for being too modern in our business methods, there are many excellent houses in the trade which are gradually decaying through remaining in an old-fashioned rut. What is more, their style of cutting is so conservative that it is completely out of date. There is a happy medium in all things.

SHOULD you become a client of our House, you will be struck by its individuality; it is utterly unlike any other firm in the trade. Our clothes are built by cutters who combine the skill of the craftsman with the imaginative genius of the artist. They bear the indelible stamp of exclusive West End style.

LOUNGE Suits and Overcoats from ten guineas. Dinner Suits from fifteen guineas, Dress Suits from sixteen guineas.

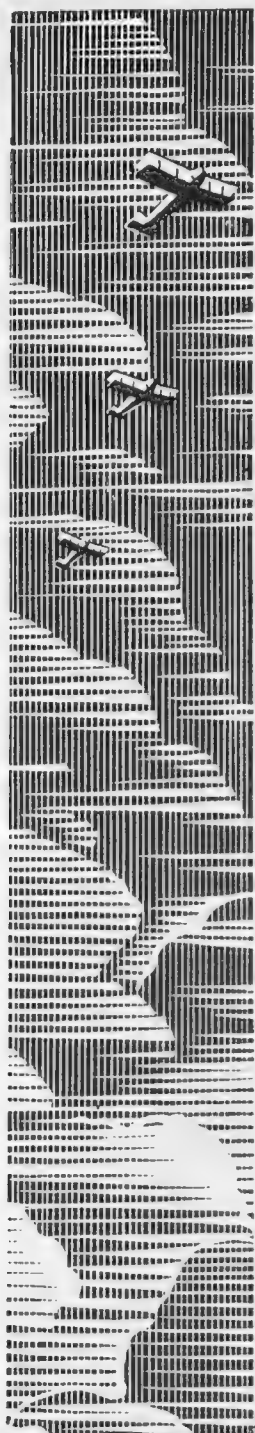
14 OLD BOND STREET, W

and  
11 & 13 Southampton Row, W.C.;

also at

123 St Ann's Square, MANCHESTER.





## From amongst all other makers of fine cars

one name stands out as that of a pioneer, bringing luxury car quality at moderate prices—yet never lowering the standards which have made the name famous on land and in the air—Armstrong Siddeley, pioneer of low-priced sixes, pioneer of central lubrication, now pioneer of the amazing self-changing gear.

Own an Armstrong Siddeley. Enjoy the comfort of magnificent coachwork and the economy of first-class British engineering.

# ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

YOU CANNOT BUY A BETTER CAR.



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## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



Bassano

MISS MAUREEN D'ALTON

The second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton of 25, Pembridge Gardens, late of Dublin, who is to marry Mr. Philip Jones next month

Church, Whitechurch, Hants; Mr. Thomas Rodriguez Stevenson and Miss Violet Reichhuber are to be married on the 16th; the 18th is the date fixed for the marriage of Mr. John Archibald Gott of Cowesby Hall, Thirsk, and Miss Evelyn Grahame of Over Glenney and Ingleholm, North Berwick, and it is to be at St. Baldred's Church, North Berwick; on the same day Lieutenant Colin Coats, Royal Navy, marries Miss Gudrun Johanson at Holy Trinity Church, Sliema, Malta; the next day, the 19th, Lieutenant Norman Vincent Dickinson, D.S.C., Royal Navy, and Miss Rosamond Sylvia Braithwaite are being married at the Brompton Parish Church.

\* \* \*

## In the New Year.

On January 3, Mr. Patrick Tritton and Miss Judith Hurt are being married at Little Burstard, Essex.

## A Spring Wedding.

Mr. Robin Alexander Wood, who is the only son of the late Major Alexander Wood and of Mrs. G. A. Becher, and Miss Grace A. Martin, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Martin of Penrhaw, Mortimer, C.P., South Africa, are being married early in April.

## December.

On December 9, Mr. Francis Spencer Portal and Miss Rowena Moore Selby are being married at All Hallows



MacMahon

DR. AND MRS. STRACHAN

Photographed after their wedding this month. Mrs. Strachan is the second daughter of Sir Andrew and Lady Lewis

## Recently Engaged.

Mr. Robert James Vicars of Sydney and Miss Claire Latham Baillieu, the third daughter of the Hon. W. L. Baillieu of Toorak, Melbourne,

Australia; Captain W. M. W. Collins, M.C., the Dorsetshire Regiment, the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Collins, late of Camberley, and Miss Molly Doreen Halahan, the daughter of Mrs. W. M. Halahan of Weymouth, and Group-Captain J. C. Halahan, C.B.E., A.F.C. (late R.A.F.);

Major David Adye Buchan, D.S.O., R.A., the son of the late Mr. W. A. Buchan, M.B., of Plymouth, and Miss Phyllis Eileen Jordan, the eldest daughter of Colonel Henry Bourke Jordan, D.L., of Thornhill, Kiltimagh, co. Mayo, and Bashley, Shandon, Dumbartonshtre; Mr. Roger Vincent Low, the third son of Mr. Warren Low, C.B., and Mrs. Warren Low of 76, Harley Street, and Miss Vera Maud Reckitt, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Reckitt of Golsoncott, Washford, West Somerset; Mr. Richard R. N. Pedder, the Highland Light Infantry, the only son of Brigadier-General E. W. N. Pedder (late 13th Hussars) and Mrs. Pedder, and Miss Isobel Mary Campbell, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James C. Campbell, of 13, Park Circus Place, Glasgow; Captain John Fox, M.C., the King's Regiment, and Miss Winsome Braithwaite Mole, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Mole of Hinckley, Leicestershire.



Burrell and Hardman

MISS EDITH RUDOLF

Whose marriage to Mr. Stuart A. Armstrong takes place on November 29, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Rudolf of Bromborough, Cheshire

## GIVE 'GLASTONBURYS' THIS CHRISTMAS



## Cosy Comfort!

Glastonburys—the answer to anybody's Gift question this Christmas! For when you give Glastonburys you are giving the finest, cosiest, most luxuriously comfortable slippers ever made—real sheepskin with hidden depths of warmth to gladden cold feet and welcome tired ones.

Give Glastonburys bedroom slippers this Christmas.

Crêpe-de-Chine Court,  
lined white lambskin.  
In Red, Blue, Fawn,  
Green & Black, 14/-

Albert (Soft self sole).  
Ladies' 2-8 .. 10/-  
Men's 6-12 .. 11/6  
Children's from 6/9

Court ("Klondyke" Collar),  
as illustrated above.

Ladies' 2-8 .. 12/9



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In Fine Tan  
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Havana Glacé  
with Beaver  
Kid trimmings.  
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the Prince of Wales

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## MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

The car shown in the accompanying photograph is a Vauxhall Melton two-seater, the property of Mr. Edwin Solomon of Burma, who is now in England. He bought it in June, 1928, and has just spent over £250 in adding "finishing touches" to it. His reasons for taking this step are interesting. Before acquiring the Vauxhall he had had considerable experience with other cars—not all of it happy! But he was so delighted with the performance of the Vauxhall that after two years of complete satisfaction he decided that instead of changing it for a new model he would spend nearly as much money in (to use his own phrase) "doing it justice." He has had almost every exterior metal part chromium-plated. The coach-work is white throughout with the exception of the bonnet flutes, which are cherry red. Pink enamel fittings for the interior have been made especially by a West-end jeweller. The horn-button in the centre of the steering-wheel is not only pink enamelled but also hinged, and when lifted discloses a small glass receptacle which usually contains sixpences for parking fees or tips. Wherever the car goes it always arouses great interest. Mr. Solomon states that no offer would tempt him to sell his Vauxhall, not only because of its elegance, but because it has never once given the slightest trouble, although it has carried him on several tours of a thousand miles.



A VAUXHALL MELTON TWO-SEATER

In the bad old days nobody worried very much about the workman. The employer paid as little as possible and got as much as he could for his money; it did not matter to him whether a job would ruin a man's health or not. The workman, indeed, scarcely expected any other treatment! In more recent times, however, employers have realized that it actually pays to be humane, and workmen have realized that they are entitled to a certain amount of consideration. So it is that all sorts of devices are now in common use to make work less toilsome. Many very interesting machines, for instance, are to be seen at the Singer works. Amongst them is the Maxi-Cut lathe, an entirely British production which is nothing if not up to date. Its special feature is an ability to do a lot of work in a little time, and this is due largely to the fact that it is

equipped with what amounts to a servo-motor. Instead of having to use brute strength, the operator simply moves a little lever, and oil pressure does the rest smoothly and gently. Another example of this constant endeavour to cut out hard labour is that compressed air is available at countless points all over the Singer factory, and is used for many purposes, such as cleaning parts by blowing dirt from them, working riveting machines and pneumatic drills, spraying cellulose, blowing up tyres, and so on.

## PETROL VAPOUR—continued from p. 414

colours. The season may have been exceptionally propitious for what they call the "autumnal tints," but at all events I never expect to see anything more extravagantly splendid. And it was the more impressive by contrast with that bleak and colourless flat that runs from Camber and Lydd. Betwixt these two there is quite a good road, though I note that even the latest A.A. map does not admit its existence. The only thing I found cause to complain about was the vulgarization by chromo-enamel atrocities of examples of ancient domestic architecture that for number, I suppose, cannot be matched outside of Kent. Glad I was, indeed, to see that they were rarely petrol or oil advertisements (though the service stations are hideous enough, God knows!). No, it is the

brewers, the tobacco and cigarette concerns, and the purveyors of tea, both in bulk and in detail, who are now chiefly responsible for this distressing sort of vandalism. There is much scope for the Scapa Society in these promiscuous parts, and yet I suppose they could not prevent a Goth from despoiling his own property. And there is another side—a distinctly funny side—to this matter which I intend to tell you about next week. Meanwhile space is running short and I do so want to tell you my really and truly original (and strictly copyright) story of the man who was so enthusiastic about new cars that he went all the way to Lyons to examine a Swiss Rolls that he had seen advertised. Well, I mean to say, that is the story. On second thoughts I think I'll release it without fee or licence.



## Conquest . . .

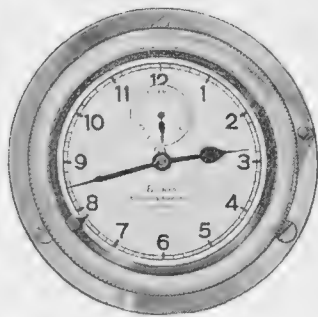
*Civilization progresses only on the heels of conquest. Difficulties defied and obstacles overcome prepare the way for better things. The pioneer pushes on, blazing the trail for untold future generations. To-day's record becomes to-morrow's standard. On sea and land and in the air, astounding speeds and amazing achievements are almost daily superseded. Side by side with new conquerors marches CASTROL . . . the aide-de-camp of the individual, the servant of the public . . . CASTROL has never failed in the cause of conquest.*

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A present that is bound to please. If the car is not fitted with one, there is no better value obtainable than this Smith Bezel Wind 8-Day Clock with jewelled lever movement. The best value in Smith Car Clocks ever offered. Type A.250a. Price **35/-**

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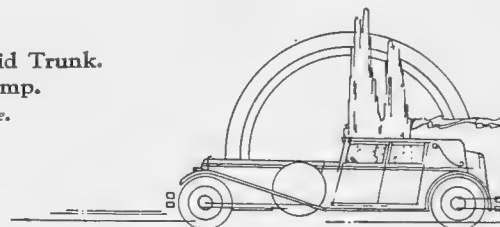
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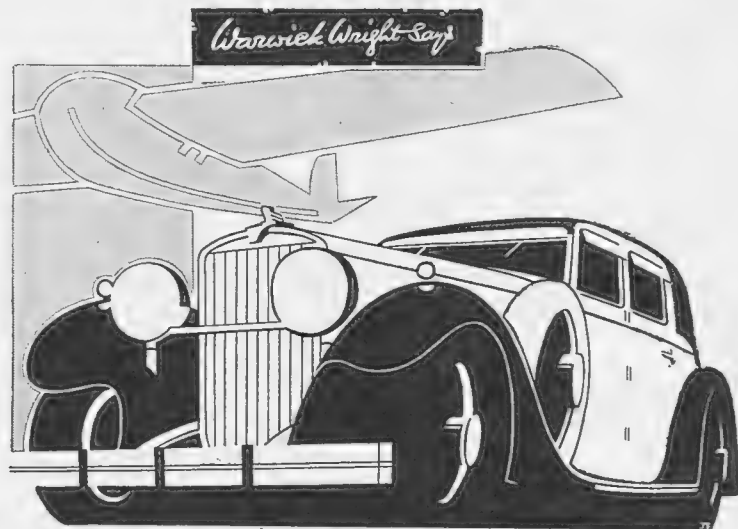
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"Woodwright"



# "The Man Who Smiled"—(Cont. from p. 410)

I could see the man's face, with its staring eyeballs and blackened tongue, and looking at my own hands I watched them begin to contract, as though a man's throat lay within their grasp.

I became aware that the stranger was still speaking.

"Has it ever struck you," he was saying, and his voice was low and very, very gentle, "by what devious routes we pursue pleasure? Books, music, sport, games, all these have been invented by man to while away the tedium of his existence; and yet how few have discovered the greatest emotion of all."

He raised his head and his eyes blazed into mine.

"If you would know the supreme ecstasy in life," he said, and his words fell slow and clear, like water dropping on a stone, "then you must learn to kill. To kill with your hands—your own bare hands. Then you will be omnipotent, the power of life and death will be yours, you will be as God."

He paused, and I seemed to be alone with horror, and something inside me said with a voice that exulted—

"To kill—with my own hands—I shall know power, I shall be as God."

I looked at the stranger and he was smiling, and all the horrors of death were in his smile. As I looked at him he moved forward in his chair and the light fell full on his face. He put his hand to his collar as though it irked him, and on the whiteness of the skin I saw a red, angry weal, as though something had been tied very tightly round his throat.

What does one tie so tightly round a man's throat—a rope?

With a great cry I sprang to my feet, and old Pendleby grunted in his sleep and woke.

"Dammit," he said angrily. "What the devil's all this row?" He heaved himself up in his chair and looked at me.

"Are you ill?" he said. "You're as white as a sheet." I turned to look at the stranger, but he had gone.

"That man," I said hysterically, "that man in the grey suit, who is he, and why in Hell's name is he allowed in here?"

Old Pendleby looked at me as if he thought I was drunk.

"Who the devil are you talking about?" he said, "there's not been a soul in here the whole evening, besides Markham and Martin and our two selves."

"I mean the man who was sitting beside me," I said, thinking Pendleby must be becoming senile in his old age. "The man to whom you told your story about shooting off a bird's head."

Old Pendleby snorted, "My dear Randall," he said, "if I did not know you to be the most abstemious of men, I assure you I should think

that you had been drinking. As it is, well upon my soul, I can't understand it at all, not at all. Well, any way I'm going to bed, and I should advise you to do the same, good night!" and he walked ponderously out of the room.

I was about to follow him, when on the floor at my feet, I saw the remains of a pipe, I strode back to the fire-place and rang the bell violently.

"Thompson," I said to the waiter, who came in answer to my summons, "who was the gentleman in the grey suit, who came in just after I did?"

Thompson considered, "There was no one came in after you, sir," he said.

"But there was," I persisted; "he sat beside me and ordered a whisky and soda."

Thompson shook his head. "Beg pardon, sir," he said, "there's only been one whisky and soda ordered this evening, and that was yours. Colonel Pendleby had a glass of port and Captain Markham had brandy, and Mr. Martin didn't have a drink. If you'll look, sir, you'll see there's only three glasses in the room."

It was quite true, and my own glass stood empty and alone on the table beside the chair in which I'd been sitting.

"But this pipe," I said, indicating the pieces on the floor. Thompson picked them up.

"I'm sure I couldn't say as to that, sir," he said. "I dare say one of the gentlemen did drop a pipe, but it must have been one of you four what was in here, sir, no one else has been in this evening; did you laugh, sir?"

No, I had not laughed. There was no more to be said. I said good-night to Thompson and went up to my bedroom. To-morrow, I thought, as I mounted the stairs, I shall start for Scotland, and I forced myself to concentrate on the golf I was proposing to play.

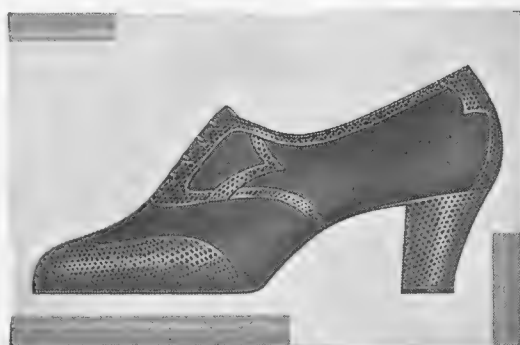
I turned on the light in my room and, walking over to the dressing-table, started to undress. Automatically, I looked into the mirror, and in a sudden, blinding flash it came to me.

I had thought I had known him, that man with the dreadful smile who had strangled someone with his bare hands and bore the mark of the hangman's rope about his neck.

I had been right; I knew him, had known him for over fifty years. And, as I stood and gazed into the glass and terror numbed my limbs and dried my mouth, I realized that the face that looked back at me was the face of the stranger in the grey suit. And as I looked and looked, trying in vain to drag away my eyes, horror rose in my heart like a wind at sea, and very slowly the face began to smile.



"Solto"

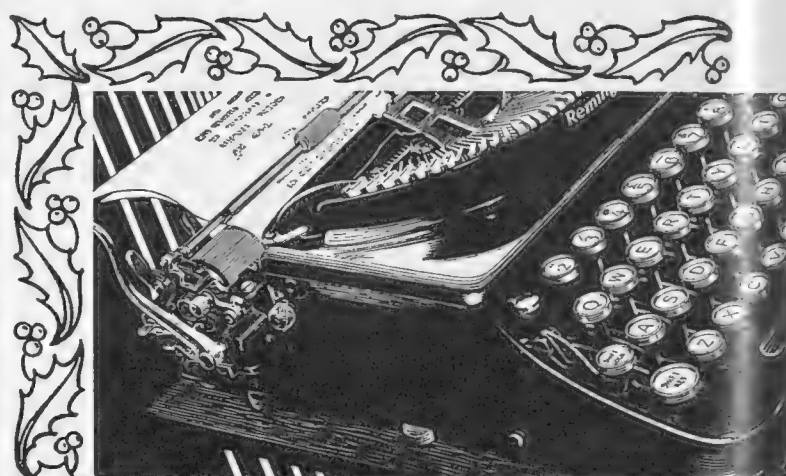


"Alberta"

"SOLTO" — Brown Willow Calf trimmed Brown Crocodile, welted shoe with LXV heel. Also in Black, 58/6.

"ALBERTA" — Black Suede Oxford shoe trimmed Black Lizard. Light, straight heel. Also in Brown - - 63/-

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# The "Antiquary"



*Fine Old*  
**SCOTCH  
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## The Spirit of Hospitality

MAN is by nature a hospitable animal. There is thought behind his entertainment. To be able to produce an exclusive brand of whisky, for instance, that he has "discovered" is a joy to him. Of such is The "Antiquary"—an old Scotch Liqueur Whisky that always brings an appreciative remark from the connoisseur. It is little subtle touches like this that make our Christmas hospitality what it is.

Offer your guests The "Antiquary" and you figure at once as a host of the old school—a man of discernment who likes to share with others the pleasure he derives from his own mature judgment.

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Write for free booklet  
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C.F.H. 18



## From the Shires and Provinces

—continued from p. 376

### From the Fernie

That remote village, Willoughby Waterless, was our rendezvous on Monday, November 10. The name suggests thirst, but the good sporting farmer at the Manor saw that all comers received the stirrup cup. Our joint Master, Colonel Sir Harold Wernher who, unfortunately, has been kept out of the saddle of late, was there on foot to see his hounds move off and greet his many friends. May he soon be up again. The M.F.H. of the South Atherstone was taking a busman's holiday, also the Eton boys on short leave were making the most of a good day. Hounds found in Charlie's Gorse and ran out to the Peatlings, continuing a great hunt to Walton Holt, and finished in Pytchley domain with a kill near South Kilworth. An excellent performance which all enjoyed. Falls were frequent, the fences were stiff but the landing soft. Our "Sec." wisely parted with the Earl Haig Cap before he took on the dangerous! Many strangers swelled our ranks at Carlton Curliu, which included a Prince of foreign origin and several soldier men. Sport was confined to our best country with lepping to suit everyone. The Adjutant's horse fell in a blind ditch and was rescued with difficulty. The Norton fox was much bewildered by those who headed him but, once away, the hard-riding field gave Peaker little grace to collect and cast his hounds. The unwritten law was forgotten, and that on a poor scenting day to boot. Good hunting fell to the lot of those who were out the following day at Slawston, hounds running in the best form and killing their fox after a fast thirty minutes.

### From the York and Ainsty

Lord Mountgarret is still carrying the horn for the North pack, and it may be some time before Goodall is able to ride again. They had what might be called a strictly local day with Colonel Stanyforth's foxes at Kirk Hammerton, but managed to get hold of one; the same might be said of the South's meet at Stillingfleet (November 13). Several good judges of poetry having approved of our effort a fortnight ago, here's another:

From our Poppy day party at Losenger Lane  
Pick plumped on to Patsy when crossing a drain,  
Then plunged in a pond, a performance which makes  
His pals proffer prayers that he'll look to his brakes.

(Please perceive P's, purposely perpetrated.)

The Eastrington day (Saturday 15), as its name suggests, meant an expedition to the Far East; in fact, David and Company penetrated

into regions where the aborigines had never seen hounds before, right down by Broomfleet, finishing with a long hunt in the vicinity of the airship shed. Appropriately enough, the Northerners attacked the Far West on the same day, meeting at Sawley, and having quite a fair day's sport, though everyone got somewhat damp.

### From the Blackmore Vale

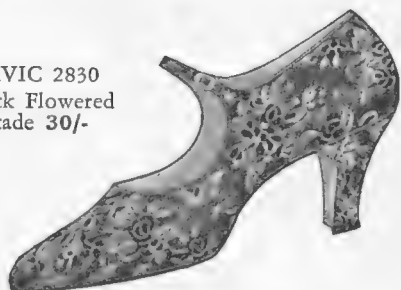
The B.V. opened their season most successfully as only the second day out the Master scored a six-mile point in the afternoon—Pulham to Bulbarrow in the Portman country, where hounds were stopped. The following Saturday was a nice day ending in a good circular gallop from Nylands, by Mohans Park, Henstridge Marsh and Cale, back to Nylands. One G.R. got run away with, round and round a fifty-acre pasture; when the "oss" stopped the "gent" decided to go on, so the circus continued for some time! The subscription rates have been slightly altered; surely, if you have "buried" two horses you can hardly be called a "stranger." Last week we also had a "great" day, and after a hunt from Westwood they killed. Wheathill once again provided us with a good fox. Straight across the Vale he went to Forty Acres, then by Hazelgrove to Ilchesters Gorse; from there hounds ran on past Manmead to Castle Cary and Galhampton, where they were stopped after a brilliant hunt of seventy minutes.

### From Lincolnshire

Last season there was very little scent before Christmas and this year it seems to be ditto repeat! With foxes leaving no smell, sport—except on very rare occasions—has not reached a particularly high standard. There have, however, been some exciting moments. For instance, a fox hunted by the Brocklesby from Sutton Thorns on Saturday, November 15, was in frivolous mood, for he took the pack right into the outskirts of Grimsby and caused some diversion among the folk of the fishing town! He crossed the golf links and a football ground in the course of his flight and it was only through a passing train, which brought hounds to a standstill, that the fugitive escaped punishment for his levity. Time seventy minutes and a five-mile point.

How often does one see riders of kicking horses asking for trouble when hounds are confusedly tugging at a fox's frame and blindly surging one way and then the other. A horse with the familiar red badge ornamenting its tail should never be allowed to stand alongside hounds as they struggle, worry, and growl over a tattered carcass. Only the other day I saw an official come within an ace of getting a "tap" when a pertinent "aside" on the part of the huntsman relieved the tension of those expecting disaster at any moment. *Verb Sap!*

NORVIC 2830  
In Black Flowered  
Brocade 30/-



## Shoes for Bridge and Dancing

YOUR true Bridge devotee takes little count of anything but the game. To her, "the play's the thing." But, alas, the game must end even as it must begin, and shoes beneath the table must come out to court inspection. Then "Norvic" triumph and delight all hearts, voted as they are "Trumps!" by everyone.

**NORVIC**  
and **MASCOT Shoes**

Write to-day for daintily illustrated Brochure of Styles, containing also Hints on Contract and Auction Bridge by "Echo."

**NORVIC SHOE CO., NORWICH**

## Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should Be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

A persistent tired feeling accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines becoming sluggish allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful

of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastrointestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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No. 2. For the evening here is an exquisite gown that is both decorative and chic. It is made of chiffon in all the new pastel evening shades.

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## Notes from Here and There

A series of three very interesting lectures is being given on November 26, December 4, and February 11. The first which is at 18, Carlton House Terrace, S.W. (by kind permission of Lady Violet Astor), is given by Mr. John Buchan, M.P., on "The Novel and the Fairy Tale"; the Viscount Bridgeman is in the chair. The second (December 4) at Seaford House, Belgrave Square, S.W. (by kind permission of Lady Howard de Walden), is by Lord David Cecil on "The Art of Cursing," with the Countess of Oxford and Asquith in the chair. The third, February 11, at 11, St. James's Square, S.W. (by kind permission of the Countess of Iveagh), is by Sir E. Denison Ross on "The Persian Art Exhibition." Tickets are 15s. and 10s. each, or 40s. and 25s. the series. Proceeds are to be given to the Kentish Town Day Nursery, which urgently needs funds. Tickets can be obtained from the hon. secretary, Miss L. A. Black, 24, Keats' Grove, N.W. 3, or at the door.

A dinner in aid of the King George Hospital is being held at the Carpenters' Hall on December 4 at which H.R.H. Prince George will preside. Those who purchase tickets for this dinner will be helping in a very worthy cause, for this hospital's present accommodation is 74 beds, and it is imperative to bring the number up to 300 and to maintain them if the hospital is to do the valuable work necessary. £200,000 is needed to complete this project, of which £35,000 must be raised by next year. You are entreated to assist in ensuring that Prince George's Dinner List is worthy of the occasion. Communications for dinner tickets should be addressed to the Organizer, Room 101, County Hall, S.W.1, or to King George Hospital, Ilford.

A magnificent Jubilee book of the Teddington Hockey Club, which celebrates its sixtieth anniversary, can be obtained from C. O. Stanley, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.2, and C. J. Knott, Hibernian Bank Chambers, St. Andrew's Street, Dublin, I.F.S., or through W. H. Smith and Sons, Ltd.



AT LORD DUNRAVEN'S SHOOT LAST WEEK

Some other pictures of the party Lord Dunraven had for his shoot at Dunraven Castle, Glamorgan, appear on an earlier page. In this group are Lady Swansea, who is a sister of Lord Holmpatrick and Colonel J. I. D. Nicholl

Among the Columbia records issued for this month are three records from "Bronwen" (Holbrooke), with John Coates and Doris Vane as the soloists and the Symphony Orchestra conducted by Claud Powell. Strauss lovers will be able to hear the *Rosenkavalier* waltzes which have just been recorded on a 12-in. double-sided record. Willem Mengelberg and his Concertgebouw Orchestra give the "Academic Festival Overture" (Brahms) on two 12-in. records. Saint-Saëns's famous "Danse Macabre" is given on one record by the Orchestre Symphonique (of Paris) with violin solo by H. Merckel. The Lener String Quartet, with J. d'Oliveira—second viola, give "Quintet in G Minor" (Mozart) on four 12-in. records. The lighter records include "Florodora"—vocal gems, which should prove exceedingly popular. "A Ragtime Revue," which includes all the early ragtime tunes; Layton and Johnston singing "Say a Little Prayer for Me," and "Adeline"; "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me," and "My Future Just Passed"; and "Falling in Love Again," and "The One Girl." Don Bradman's many admirers should enjoy his record; it has a friendly chat one side and two piano soli played by himself on the reverse. Some good dance tunes are "Tid-dle-id-dle-um-pum" and "Under the Sweetheart Tree"; "Over the Garden Wall" and "There's a Good Time Coming," both records by Jack Payne and his B.B.C. Orchestra; "June Kisses" and "What's the Use of Living Without Love," by Percival Mackey and His Band; "He's my Secret Passion" and "Let's Go Native," by the Four Bright Sparks; "Can this be Love" and "Where Can you Be," by Debroy Somers Band.

We have been asked to correct the statement made in our issue of November 12 under the photograph of Mrs. James Hennessy and her daughter that she is the daughter of Lady Curzon of Kedleston. Mrs. Hennessy is the daughter of Mr. Julian Duggan of the Argentine Embassy in London and a cousin of the late Mr. Alfred Duggan, who was the first husband of Lady Curzon of Kedleston. We wish to apologise for any annoyance caused by our mis-statement.

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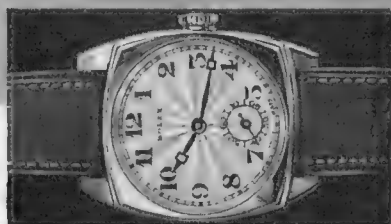
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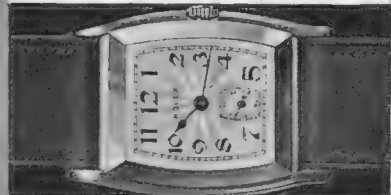
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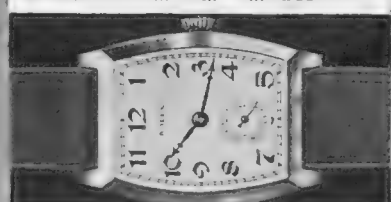
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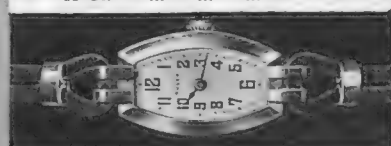
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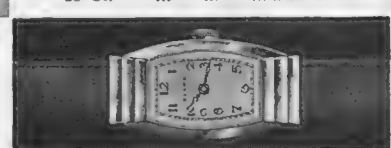
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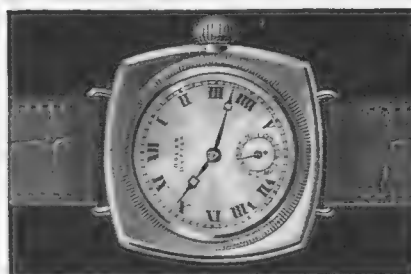
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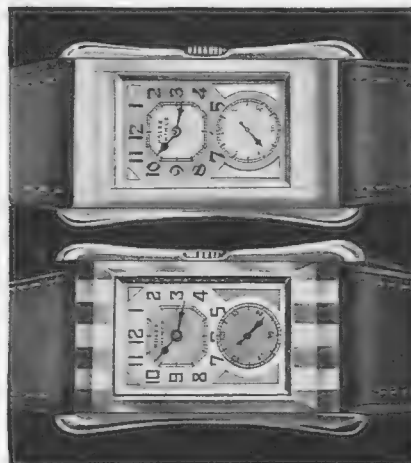
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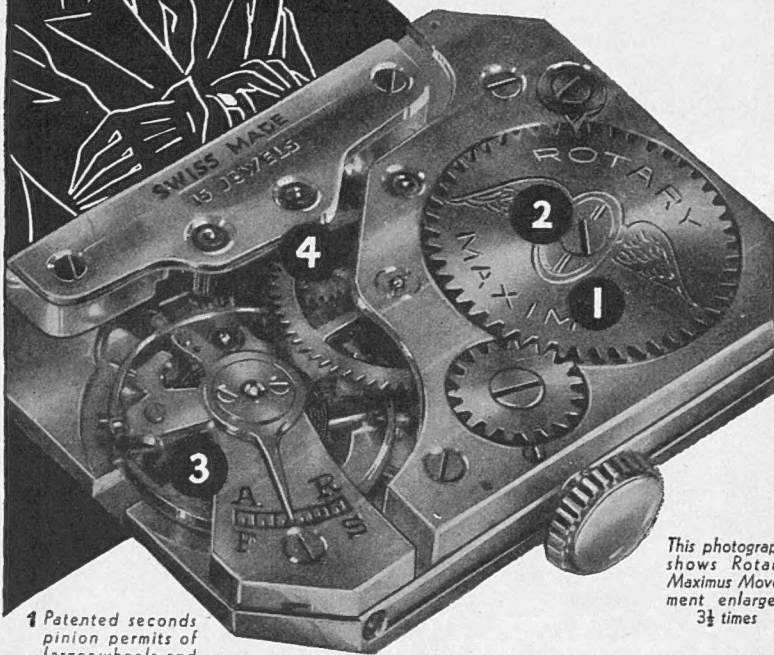
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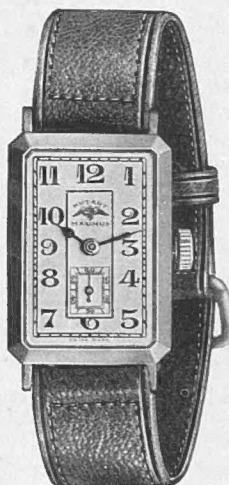
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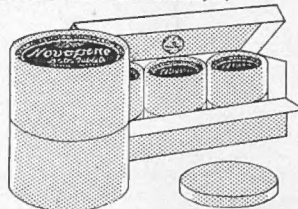
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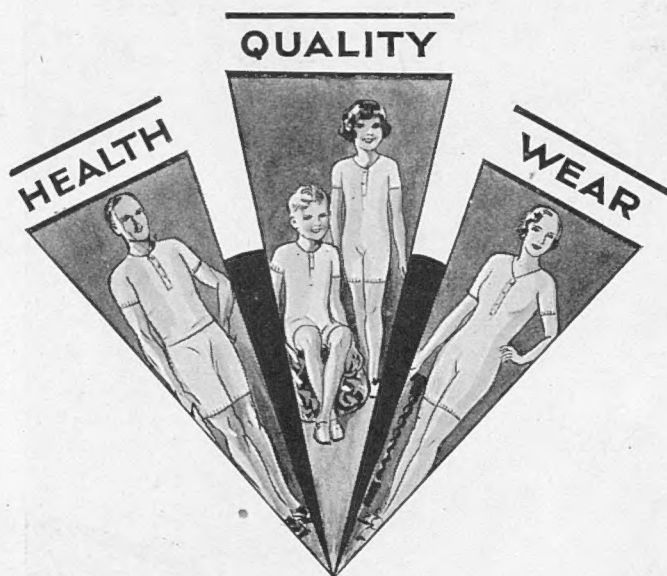
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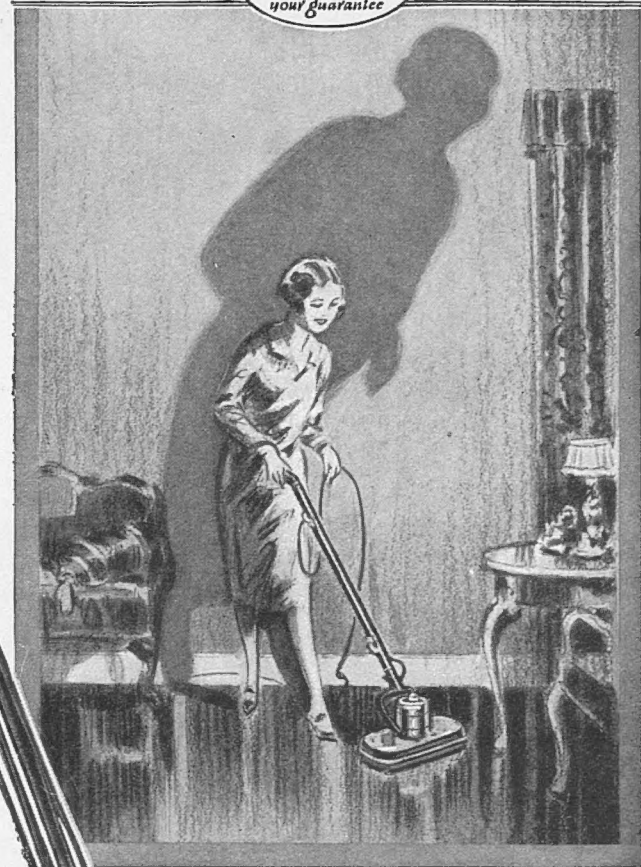
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